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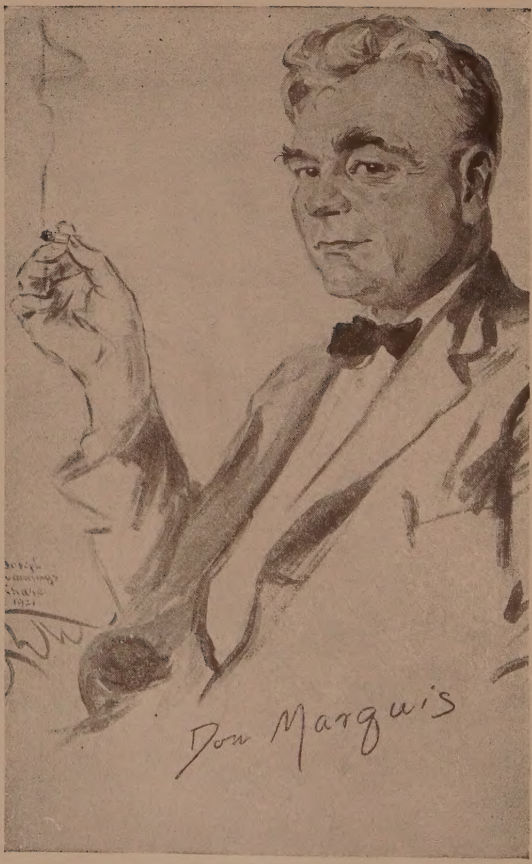

DON MARQUIS

THE
POCKET UNIVERSITY

VOLUME IX PART I

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR

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FREDERICK S. COZZENS

A FAMILY HORSE

"IT RAINS very hard," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, looking out of the window next morning. Sure enough, the rain was sweeping broadcast over the country, and the four Sparrowgrassii were flattening a quartette of noses against the window-panes, believing most faithfully the man would bring the horse that belonged to his brother, in spite of the elements. It was hoping against hope: no man having a horse to sell will trot him out in a rainstorm, unless he intends to sell him at a bargain—but childhood is so credulous! The succeeding morning was bright, however, and down came the horse. He had been very cleverly groomed, and looked pleasant under the saddle. The man led him back and forth before the door. "There, Squire, 's as good a hoss as ever stood on iron." Mrs. Sparrowgrass asked me what he meant by that. I replied, it was a figurative way of expressing, in horse-talk, that he was as good a horse as ever stood in shoe-leather. "He's a handsome hoss, Squire," said the man. I replied that he did seem to be a good-looking animal, "but," said I, "he does not quite come up to the description of a horse I have read."

"Whose hoss was it?" said he. I replied it was a horse of Adonis. He said he didn't know him, "but," he added, "there is so many hosses stolen that the descriptions are stuck up now pretty common." To put him at his ease (for he seemed to think I suspected him of having stolen the horse), I told him the description I meant had been written some hundreds of years ago by Shakespeare, and repeated it:

"Round-hoof, short-joynted, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail broad buttock, tender hide."

"Squire," said he, "that will do for a song, but it ain't no p'ints of a good hoss. Trotters nowadays go in all shapes—big heads and little heads, big eyes and little eyes, short ears or long ones, thick tail and no tail; so as they have sound legs, good l'in, good barrel, and good stifle and wind, Squire, and speed well, they'll fetch a price. Now, this animal is what I call a hoss, Squire; he's got the p'ints, he's stylish, he's close-ribbed, a free goer, kind in harness—single or double—a good feeder."

I asked him if being a good feeder was a desirable quality.

He replied it was. "Of course," said he, "if your hoss is off his feed he ain't good for nothin'. But what's the use," he added, "of me tellin' you the p'ints of a good hoss? You're a hoss man, Squire: you know——"

"It seems to me," said I, "there is something the matter with that left eye."

"No, *sir*," said he, and rapidly crooking his forefinger at the suspected organ, said, "See thar—don't wink a bit."

"But he should wink," I replied.

"Not onless his eye are weak," he said.

To satisfy myself, I asked the man to let me take the bridle. He did so, and so soon as I took hold of it the horse started off in a remarkable retrograde movement, dragging me with him into my best bed of hybrid roses. Finding we were trampling down all the best plants, that had cost at auction from three-and-sixpence to seven shillings apiece, and that the more I pulled the more he backed. I finally let him have his own way, and jammed him stern-foremost into our largest climbing rose, that had been all summer prickling itself in order to look as much like a vegetable porcupine as possible. This unexpected bit of satire in his rear changed his retrograde movement to a sidelong bound, by which he flirted off half the pots on the balusters, upsetting my gladioli and tuberoses in the pod, and leaving great splashes of mold, geraniums and red pottery in the gravel walk. By this time his owner had managed to give him two pretty severe cuts with the whip, which made him unmanageable, so I let him go. We had a pleasant time catching him again, when he got among the Lima-bean poles.

But his owner led him back with a very self-satisfied expression. "Playful, ain't he, Squire?"

I replied that I thought he was, and asked him if it was usual for his horse to play such pranks.

He said it was not. "You see, Squire, he feels his oats, and hain't been out of the stable for a month. Use him, and he's as kind as a kitten."

With that he put his foot in the stirrup and mounted. The animal really looked very well as he moved around the grass-plot, and, as Mrs. Sparrowgrass seemed to fancy him, I took a written guarantee that he was sound, and bought him. What I gave for him is a secret; I have not even told Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

It is a mooted point whether it is best to buy your horse before you build your stable or build your stable before you buy your horse. A horse without a stable is like a bishop without a church. Our neighbor, who is very ingenious, built his stable to fit his horse. He took the length of his horse and a little over as the measure of the depth of his stable; then he built it. He had a place beside the stall for his Rockaway carriage. When he came to put the Rockaway in, he found he had not allowed for the shafts! The ceiling was too low to allow them to be erected, so he cut two square port-holes in the back of his stable and run his shafts through them, into the chicken-

house behind. Of course, whenever he wanted to take out his carriage he had to unroost all his fowls, who would sit on the shafts night and day. But that was better than building a new stable. For my part, I determined, to avoid mistakes by getting the horse and carriage both first, and then to build the stable. This plan, being acceptable to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, was adopted as judicious and expedient. In consequence, I found myself with a horse on my hands with no place to put him. Fortunately, I was acquainted with a very honest man who kept a livery stable, where I put him to board by the month, and in order that he might have plenty of good oats, I bought some, which I gave to the hostler for that purpose. The man of whom I bought the horse did not deceive me when he represented him as a great feeder. He ate more oats than all the rest of the horses in that stable put together.

It is a good thing to have a saddle-horse in the country. The early morning ride, when dawn and dew freshen and flush the landscape. is comparable to no earthly innocent pleasure. Look at yonder avenue of road-skirting trees. Those marvelous trunks, yet moist, are ruddy as obelisks of jasper! And above—see the leaves blushing at the east! Hark to the music! interminable chains of melody linking earth and sky with its delicious magic. The countless little wood-birds are singing! and now rolls up from the meadow the fragrance of cut grass and clover.

"No print of sheep-track yet hath crushed a flower;
The spider's woof with silvery dew is hung
As it was beaded ere the daylight hour;
The hooked bramble just as it was strung.
When on each leaf the night her crystals flung
Then hurried off, the dawning to elude.

. . . . . .

"The rutted road did never seem so clean,
There is no dust upon the wayside thorn
For every bud looks out as if but newly born."

Look at the river with its veil of blue mist! and the grim, gaunt old Palisades, as amiable in their orient crowns as old princes, out of the direct line of succession, over the royal cradle of the heir apparent!

There is one thing about early riding in the country; you find out a great many things which perhaps you would not have found out under ordinary circumstances. The first thing I found out was that my horse had the heaves. I had been so wrapt up in the beauties of the morning that I had not observed what perhaps everybody in that vicinity had observed, namely, that the new horse had been waking up all the sleepers on both sides of the road with an asthmatic whistle of half-a-mile power. My attention was called to the fact by the village teamster, old Dockweed, who came banging after me in his empty cart, shouting out my name as he came. I must say I have always disliked old Dockweed's familiarity; he presumes too much upon my good-nature, when he calls me Sparrygrass before ladies at the depot, and by my Christian name always on the

Sabbath, when he is dressed up. On this occasion, what with the horse's vocal powers and old Dockweed's, the affair was pretty well blown over the village before breakfast.

"Sparrygrass," he said, as he came up, "that your hoss?"

I replied that the horse was my property.

"Got the heaves, ain't he? Got 'em bad."

Just then a window was pushed open and the white head of the old gentleman who sits in the third pew in front of our pew in church was thrust out.

"What's the matter with your horse?" said he.

"Got the heaves," replied old Dockweed; "got 'em bad."

Then I heard symptoms of opening a blind on the other side of the road, and as I did not wish to run the gauntlet of such inquiries I rode off on a crossroad; but not before I heard, above the sound of pulmonary complaint, the voice of old Dockweed, explaining to the other cottage, "Sparrygrass—got a hoss—got the heaves—got 'em bad."

I was so much ashamed that I took a roundabout road to the stable, and instead of coming home like a fresh and gallant cavalier, on a hard gallop, I walked my purchase to the stable and dismounted with a chastened spirit.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, with a face beaming all over with smiles, "how did you like your horse?"

I replied that he was not quite so fine a

saddle-horse as I had anticipated, but I added, brightening up, for good-humor is sympathetic, "he will make a good horse, I think after all, for you and the children to jog around with in a wagon."

"Oh, won't that be pleasant!" said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

Farewell, then, rural rides, and rural roads o' mornings! Farewell, song-birds and jasper colonnades; farewell, misty river and rocky Palisades; farewell, mown honey-breath; farewell, stirrup and bridle, dawn and dew; we must jog on at a foot pace. After all, it is better for your horse to have a pulmonary complaint than to have it yourself.

I had determined not to build a stable nor to buy a carriage until I had thoroughly tested my horse in harness. For this purpose I hired a Rockaway of the stable-keeper. Then I put Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the young ones in the double seats, and took the ribbons for a little drive by the Nepperhan River road. The Nepperhan is a quiet stream that for centuries has wound its way through the ancient dorp of Yonkers. Geologists may trace the movements of time upon the rocky dial of the Palisades, and estimate the age of the more modern Hudson by the footprints of sauria in the strata that fringe its banks, but it is impossible to escape the conviction, as you ride beside the Nepperhan, that it is a very old stream —that it is entirely independent of earthquakes

—that its birth was of primeval antiquity—and, no doubt, that it meandered through Westchester valleys when the Hudson was only a freshwater lake, land-locked somewhere above Poughkeepsie. It was a lovely afternoon. The sun was sloping westward, the meadows

> "were all aflame
> In sunken light, and the mailed grasshopper
> Shrilled in the maize with ceaseless iteration."

We had passed Chicken Island, and the famous house with the stone gable and the one stone chimney in which General Washington slept, as he made it a point to sleep in every old stone house in Westchester County, and had gone pretty far on the road, past the cemetery, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass said suddenly, "Dear, what is the matter with your horse?" As I had been telling the children all the stories about the river on the way, I had managed to get my head pretty well inside the carriage, and at the time she spoke was keeping a lookout in front with my back. The remark of Mrs. Sparrowgrass induced me to turn about, and I found the new horse behaving in a most unaccountable manner.

He was going down hill with his nose almost to the ground, running the wagon first on this side and then on the other. I thought of the remark made by the man, and turning again to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, said, "Playful, isn't he?"

The next moment I heard something breaking away in front, and then the Rockaway gave a lurch and stood still. Upon examination I

found the new horse had tumbled down, broken one shaft, gotten the other through the check-rein so as to bring his head up with a round turn, and besides had managed to put one of the traces in a single hitch around his off hind leg.

So soon as I had taken all the young ones and Mrs. Sparrowgrass out of the Rockaway, I set to work to liberate the horse, who was choking very fast with the check-rein. It is unpleasant to get your fishing-line in a tangle when you are in a hurry for bites, but I never saw a fishing-line in such a tangle as that harness. However, I set to work with a penknife, and cut him in out such a way as to make getting home by our conveyance impossible. When he got up, he was the sleepiest looking horse I ever saw.

"Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "won't you stay here with the children until I go to the nearest farmhouse?"

Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied that she would.

Then I took the horse with me to get him out of the way of the children, and went in search of assistance. The first thing the new horse did when he got about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the accident was to tumble down a bank. Fortunately, the bank was not more than four feet high, but as I went with him my trousers were rent in a grievous place. While I was getting the new horse on his feet again, I saw a colored person approaching who came to my assistance. The first thing he

did was to pull out a large jack-knife, and the next thing he did was to open the new horse's mouth and run the blade two or three times inside of the new horse's gums. Then the new horse commenced bleeding.

"Dah, sah," said the man, shutting up his jack-knife, "ef 't hadn't been for dat yer your hoss would ha' bin a goner."

"What was the matter with him?" said I.

"Oh, he's on'y jis got de blind staggers, dat's all. Say," said he, before I was half indignant enough at the man who sold me such an animal, "say, ain't your name Sparrowgrass?"

I replied that my name was Sparrowgrass.

"Oh," said he, "I knows you; I brung some fowls once down to you' place. I heard about you and you' hoss. Dat's de hoss dat's got de heaves so bad! You better sell dat horse."

I determined to take his advice, and employed him to lead my purchase to the nearest place where he would be cared for. Then I went back to the Rockaway, but met Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the children on the road coming to meet me. She had left a man in charge of the Rockaway. When we got to the Rockaway we found the man missing, also the whip and one cushion. We got another person to take charge of the Rockaway, and had a pleasant walk home by moonlight.

Does any person want a horse at a low price? A good, stylish-looking animal, close-ribbed, good loin, and good stifle, sound legs, with only

the heaves and blind staggers and a slight defect in one of his eyes? If at any time he slips his bridle and gets away, you can always approach him by getting on his left side. I will also engage to give a written guarantee that he is sound and kind, signed by the brother of his former owner.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Teacher (to Sunday-school class): "Now, boys, in placing your offerings on the plate, I want each to recite some appropriate verse."

Stephen (placing a penny on the plate): "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

John: "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Teacher: "Very good." (To the next boy, who is inclined to keep his penny.) "Come, Thomas, why do you hesitate? Speak so all may hear."

Thomas (reluctantly): "A—a fool and his money are soon parted."

While Jay Gould was traveling on the Wabash System he stopped over for dinner at a little town in southern Illinois. The party ate some eggs, among other things, and when the bill was presented to Gould it contained the item, "One dozen eggs, $1.80." The great railroad magnate remarked that eggs must be at a premium in that section, to which the restaurant keeper replied, "No, sir, eggs are plenty enough; but Jay Goulds are mighty scarce."

MY FAMILIAR

AGAIN I hear that creaking step —
He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes!

He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties—
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric that I wrote,
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of his pains;
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;

And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote;
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher—
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone,
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HORACE

It is very aggravating
To hear the solemn prating
Of the fossils who are stating
That old Horace was a prude;
When we know that with the ladies
He was always raising Hades,
And with many an escapade his
Best productions are imbued.

There's really not much harm in a
Large number of his carmina,
But these people find alarm in a
Few records of his acts;
So they'd squelch the music caloric.
And to students sophomoric
They'd present as metaphoric
What old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy;
Now we adjudge 'em crazy!
Why, Horace was a daisy
That was very much alive!
And the wisest of us know him
As his Lydia verses show him—
Go read that virile poem—
It is No. 25.

He was a very owl, sir,
And starting out to prowl, sir,
You bet he made Rome howl, sir,
  Until he filled his date;
With a massic-laden ditty,
And a classic maiden pretty,
He painted up the city,
  And Mæcenas paid the freight!

EUGENE FIELD.

By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Coming into New York on the line of the New York Central Railroad, one of those large, round boulders for which Harlem is famous meets the eye of the hurrying traveler, and he is informed, with all due solemnity, that the goats are happy because they chew McGinnis's Chewing Tobacco. The great point in this advertisement rests on the fact that at all hours of the day and night there are always two or three goats perched on this boulder, and the combination is irresistibly funny. A gentleman circulates the story that he and a friend of his, the late Mr. Morgan, of St. Thomas's Church, New York, were passing by a field, when the clergyman's hat flew off and was immediately seized by a goat, who commenced to devour it. His friend said, "That is an extremely intelligent goat, and is simply obeying the orders of the owner of this field," and he pointed to a large sign on the fence, which read, "Chew Morgan's Plug."

THE VILLAGER AND THE SNAKE

A VILLAGER, one frosty day, found under a Hedge a Snake almost dead with cold. Moved with compassion, and having heard that Snake Oil was good for the Rheumatiz, he took it home and placed it on the Hearth, where it shortly began to wake and crawl. Meanwhile, the Villager having gone out to keep an Engagement with a Man 'round the Corner, the Villager's Son (who had not drawn a sober Breath for a Week) entered, and, beholding the Serpent unfolding its plain, unvarnished Tail, with the cry, "I've got 'em again!" fled to the office of the nearest Justice of the Peace, swore off, and became an Apostle of Temperance at $700 a week. The beneficent Snake next bit the Villager's Mother-in-law so severely that Death soon ended her sufferings—and his; then silently stole away, leaving the Villager deeply and doubly in its Debt.

Moral.—A Virtuous Action is not always its only Reward. A snake in the Grass is Worth two in the Boot.

GOERGE T. LANIGAN.

Our marble dealer, C. C. Dunkelburg, is a hustler. Yesterday he left for Vermont to fill an order for seventeen granite monuments sold in this locality, ranging in price from $285 to $1,000. This is an evidence of business which, in these times, is encouraging.—*Gouverneur Free Press.*

PREHISTORIC SMITH

QUARTERNARY EPOCH —POST-PLIOCENE PERIOD

A MAN sat on a rock and sought
  Refreshment from his thumb;
A dinotherium wandered by
  And scared him some.

His name was Smith. The kind of rock
  He sat upon was shale.
One feature quite distinguished him—
  He had a tail.

The danger past, he fell into
  A reverie austere;
While with his tail he whisked a fly
  From off his ear.

"Mankind deteriorates," he said,
  "Grows weak and incomplete;
And each new generation seems
  Yet more effete.

"Nature abhors imperfect work,
  And on it lays her ban;
And all creation must despise
  A tailless man.

"But fashion's dictates rule supreme
  Ignoring common sense;
And fashion says, to dock your tail
  Is just immense.

Prehistoric Smith

"And children now come in the world
With half a tail or less;
Too stumpy to convey a thought,
And meaningless.

"It kills expression. How can one
Set forth, in words that drag,
The best emotions of the soul,
Without a wag?"

Sadly he mused upon the world,
Its follies and its woes;
Then wiped the moisture from his eyes,
And blew his nose.

But clothed in earrings, Mrs. Smith
Came wandering down the dale;
And, smiling, Mr. Smith arose
And wagged his tail.

DAVID LAW PROUDFIT.

Some years ago, when horseback riding was much more common than now, two travelers were journeying through the State of ——. In passing over a stony, sterile region, with here and there a dwarfish shrub and sickly tuft of grass, they chanced to ride by a little cabin. One of the travelers said to the other, "I pity the man that lives here; he must be very poor." The occupant of the cabin overheard the remark, and came out, saying: "Gentlemen, I want you to know that I am not so poor as you think. *I don't own this land.*"

THE NOMENCLATURE OF THE NATIONAL GAME

THE possibilities of the English language have frequently been taxed to describe the great American game of baseball, but for striking illustration this from the *Herald*, of Quincy, Illinois, has rarely been equaled:

"The glass-armed toy soldiers of this town were fed to the pigs yesterday by the cadaverous Indian grave-robbers from Omaha. The flabby one-lunged Reubens who represent the Gem City in the reckless rush for the baseball pennant had their shins toasted by the basilisk-eyed cattle-drivers from the West. They stood around with gaping eyeballs like a hen on a hot nail, and suffered the grizzly yaps of Omaha to run the bases until their necks were long with thirst. Hickey had more errors than Coin's Financial School, and led the rheumatic procesession to the morgue. The Quincys were full of straw and scrap-iron. They couldn't hit a brick-wagon with a pickax, and ran bases like pall-bearers at a funeral. If three-base hits were growing on the back of every man's neck they couldn't reach 'em with a feather duster. It looked as if the Amalgamated Union of South American Hoodoos was in session for work in the thirty-third degree. The geezers stood about and whistled for help, and were so weak they couldn't lift a glass of beer if it had

been all foam. Everything was yellow, rocky and whangbasted, like a stigtossel full of dogglegammon. The game was whiskered and frostbitten. The Omahogs were bad enough, but the Quincy Brown Sox had their fins sewed up until they couldn't hold a crazy quilt unless it was tied around their necks."

Years ago, when the "Philosophers," as the guides called them, camped in the Adirondacks, one member of the party occasioned a good deal of criticism. He devoted himself to reading and "worthless writin'," thus, in the opinion of the guides, wasting time which might have been better spent in hunting and fishing. He was Ralph Waldo Emerson.

There was one guide who recognized in Emerson something of his real worth, and upon whom the poet made a great impression.

"Steve," as he was familiarly called, was an observing man, and the poet's physical defects, then undoubtedly more prominent than in later years, did not escape his eye, as may be seen from the answer he gave to the question of the writer of this paragraph:

"What kind of a fellow was Emerson?"

"Wal, sir,' said the old guide, "he was a gentleman every inch—as nice a fellow as you ever see; pleasan and kind—and a scholar, too, allus figgerin', studyin', and writin'; but, sir, he was, I believe, the all-firedest homeliest critter for his age that ever came into these woods."

COURTING IN KENTUCKY

When Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule daown
thar on Injun Bay,
I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal makin' her
honest way.
I heerd some talk in the village abaout her flyin'
high.
Tew high fer busy farmer folks with chores ter
do ter fly;
But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk
ontell
She come in her reg'lar boardin' raound ter visit
with us a spell.
My Jake an' her had been cronies ever since
they could walk,
An' it tuk me aback to hear her kerrectin'
him in his talk.

Jake ain't no hand at grammar, though he hain't
his beat for work;
But I sez ter myself, "Look out, my gal, yer
a-foolin' with a Turk!"
Jake bore it wonderful patient, an' said in a
mournful way,
He p'sumed he was behindhand with the doin's
at Injun Bay.
I remember once he was askin' for some o' my
Injun buns,
An' she said he should allus say "them air,"
stid o' "them is" the ones.

Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy mornin' an'
evenin' long,
Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin'
wrong.

One day I was pickin' currants daown by the
old quince tree,
When I heerd Jake's voice a-sayin', "Be yer
willin' ter marry me?"
An' Mary Ann kerrectin', "Air ye wuſin', yeou
sh'd say";
Our Jake he put his foot daown in a plum
decided way,
"No wimmen-folks is a-goin' ter be rearrangin'
me.
Hereafter I says 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I calk'late,'
an' 'I be.'
Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter
what I say:
But I ain't a-goin' to take no sass from folks
from Injun Bay.
I asked you free an' final, 'Be ye goin' ter
marry me?'"
An' Mary Ann says, tremblin' yet anxious-like,
"I be."

FLORENCE E. PRATT.

GEORGE T. LANIGAN

THE AMATEUR ORLANDO

THE RESULT OF THE HUNKY KID'S PAYING CHARLES THE WRESTLER

It was an Amateur Dram Ass.
(Kind reader, although your
Knowledge of French is not first-class
Don't call that Amature),
It was an Amateur Dram. Ass.,
The which did warfare wage
On the dramatic works of this
And every other age.

It had a walking gentleman,
A leading juvenile,
First lady in book-muslin dressed
With a galvanic smile;
Thereto a singing chambermaid,
Benignant heavy pa,
And, oh, heavier still was the heavy vill-
Ain, with his fierce "Ha! Ha!"

There wasn't an author from Shakespeare down
—Or up—to Boucicault,
These amateurs weren't competent
(S. Wegg) to collar and throw.

And when the winter time came round—
"Season's" a stagier phrase—
The Am. Dram. Ass. assaulted one
Of the Bard of Avon's plays.

'Twas "As You Like It" that they chose,
For the leading lady's heart
Was set on playing Rosalind,
Or some other page's part.
And the President of the Am. Dram. Ass.,
A stalwart dry-goods clerk,
Was cast for Orlando, in which rôle
He felt he'd make his mark.

"I mind me," said the President
(All thoughtful was his face),
"When Orlando was taken by Thingummy
That Charles was played by Mace.
Charles hath not many lines to speak;
Nay, not a single length—
Oh, if find we can a Mussulman
(That is, a man of strength),
And bring him on the stage as Charles—
But, alas! it can't be did——"
'It can," replied the Treasurer;
"Let's get The Hunky Kid."

This Hunky Kid, of whom they spoke,
Belonged to the P. R.;
He always had his hair cut short,
And always had catarrh.
His voice was gruff, his language rough,
His forehead villainous low,

And 'neath his broken nose a vast
Expanse of jaw did show.
He was forty-eight about the chest,
And his forearm at the mid-
Dle measured twenty-one and a half—
Such was The Hunky Kid!

The Am. Dram. Ass. they have engaged
This pet of the P. R.
As Charles the Wrestler, he's to be
A bright particular star.
And when they put the programme out,
Announce him thus they did—
Orlando . . . . MR. ROMEO JONES
Charles . . . . MR. T. H. KIDD.

. . . The night has come; the house is packed
From pit to gallery;
As those who through the curtain peep
Quake inwardly to see.
A squeak's heard in the orchestra,
The leader draws across
Th' intestines of the agile cat
The tail of the noble hoss.
All is at sea behind the scenes,
Why do they fear and funk?
Alas! alas! The Hunky Kid
Is lamentably drunk!
He's in that most unlovely stage
Of half-intoxication,
When men resent the hint they're tight.
As a personal imputation.

"Ring up! Ring up!" Orlando cried
"Or we must cut the scene;
For Charles the Wrestler is imbued
With poisonous benzine
And every moment gets more drunk
Than he before has been."

. . . The wrestling scene has come, and Charles
Is much disguised in drink;
The stage to him's an inclined plane,
The footlights make him blink,
Still strives he to act well his part
Where all the honor lies,
Though Shakespeare would not in his lines
His language recognize.
Instead of "Come, where is this young—?"
This man of bone and brawn,
He squares himself, and bellows, "Time!
Fetch your Orlandos on!"

"Now Hercules be thy speed, young man,"
Fair Rosalind, said she,
As the two wrestlers in the ring
They grappled furiously;
But Charles the Wrestler had no sense
Of dramatic propriety.

He seized on Mr. Romeo Jones
In Græco-Roman style,
He got what they call a grapevine lock
On that leading juvenile.

He flung him into the orchestra
And the man with the ophicleide,
On whom he fell, he just said—well,
No matter what, and died!

When once the tiger has tasted blood,
And found that it is sweet,
He has a habit of killing more
Than he can possibly eat.
And thus it was that The Hunky Kid
In his homicidal blindness,
He lifted his hand against Rosalind
Not in the way of kindness.
He chased poor Celia off at L.,
At R. U. E., Le Beau,
And he put such a head upon Duke Fred,
In fifteen seconds or so,
That never one of the courtly train
Might his haughty master know.

. . . . . .

And that's precisely what came to pass
Because the luckless carls
Belonging to the Am. Dram. Ass.
Cast The Hunky Kid for Charles!

The late Bill Nye was fond of telling this story of his smaller daughter: At a dinner one day there was a party of guests for whom Mr. Nye was doing his best in the way of entertainment, when the lady said to a little girl, "Your father is a very funny man!" "Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE

THE ROMANCE OF THE CARPET

Basking in peace in the warm spring sun,
South Hill smiled upon Burlington.

The breath of May and the day was fair,
And the bright motes danced in the balmy air.

And the sunlight gleamed where the restless
breeze
Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple trees.

His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned,
As he stood with a carriage whip in his hand.

And he laughed as he doffed his bobtail coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote.

And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
And said she'd tell him when to stop.

So he pounded away till the dinner-bell
Gave him a little breathing spell.

But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one,
And she said the carpet wasn't done.

But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
And he pounded like mad till the clock struck six.

And she said, in a dubious kind of way,
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.

Then all that day, and the next day, too,
That fuzz from the dirtless carpet flew,

And she'd give it a look at eventide,
And say, "Now beat on the other side."

And the new days came as the old days went,
And the landlord came for his regular rent.

And the neighbors laughed at the tireless broom,
And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom.

Till at last, one cheerless winter day,
He kicked at the carpet and slid away.

Over the fence and down the street,
Speeding away with footsteps fleet.

And never again the morning sun
Smiled on him beating his carpet-drum.

And South Hill often said with a yawn,
"Where's the carpet-martyr gone?"

Years twice twenty had come and passed,
And the carpet swayed in the autumn blast.

For never yet, since that bright spring-time,
Had it ever been taken down from the line.

The Romance of the Carpet

Over the fence a gray-haired man
Cautiously clim, clome, clem, clum, clamb.

He found him a stick in the old woodpile,
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile.

A flush passed over his face forlorn,
As he gazed at the carpet, tattered and torn.

And he hit it a most resounding thwack,
Till the startled air gave his echoes back.

And out of the window a white face leaned,
And a palsied hand the pale face screened.

She knew his face; she gasped, and sighed,
"A little more on the other side."

Right down on the ground his stick he throwed,
And he shivered and said, "Well, I am blowed!"

And he turned away, with a heart full sore,
And he never was seen not more, not more.

It was before an Irish trial justice. The evidence was all in, and the plaintiff's attorney had made a long, eloquent and logical argument. Then the defendant's attorney took the floor. "What you doing?" asked the justice, as the lawyer began. "Going to present our side of the case." "I don't want to hear both sides argued. It has a tindency to confuse the Coort." So the defendant's lawyer sat down.

SAM DAVIS

THE FIRST PIANO IN A MINING-CAMP

In 1858—it might have been five years earlier or later; this is not the history for the public schools—there was a little camp about ten miles from Pioche, occupied by upward of three hundred miners, every one of whom might have packed his prospecting implements and left for more inviting fields any time before sunset. When the day was over, these men did not rest from their labors, like the honest New England agriculturist, but sang, danced, gambled, and shot each other, as the mood seized them.

One evening the report spread along the main street (which was the only street) that three men had been killed at Silver Reef and that the bodies were coming in. Presently a lumbering old conveyance labored up the hill, drawn by a couple of horses, well worn out with their pull. The cart contained a good-sized box, and no sooner did its outlines become visible, through the glimmer of a stray light here and there, than it began to affect the idlers. Death always enforces respect, and even though no one had caught sight of the remains, the crowd

gradually became subdued, and when the horses came to a standstill the cart was immediately surrounded. The driver, however was not in the least impressed with the solemnity of his commission.

"All there?" asked one.

"Haven't examined. Guess so."

The driver filled his pipe, and lit it as he continued:

"Wish the bones and load had gone over the grade!"

A man who had been looking on stepped up to the man at once.

"I don't know who you have in that box. But if they happen to be any friends of mine I'll lay you alongside."

"We can mighty soon see," said the teamster, coolly. "Just burst the lid off, and if they happen to be the men you want, I'm here."

The two looked at each other for a moment, and then the crowd gathered a little closer, anticipating trouble.

"I believe that dead men are entitled to good treatment, and when you talk about hoping to see corpses go over a bank, all I have to say is, that it will be better for you if the late lamented ain't my friends."

"We'll open the box. I don't take back what I've said, and if my language don't suit your ways of thinking, I guess I can stand it."

With these words the teamster began to pry up the lid. He got a board off, and then pulled

out some rags. A strip of something dark, like rosewood, presented itself

"Eastern coffins, by thunder!" said several, and the crowd looked quite astonished.

Some more boards flew up, and the man who was ready to defend his friend's memory shifted his weapon a little. The cool manner of the teamster had so irritated him that he had made up his mind to pull his weapon at the first sight of the dead, even if the deceased was his worst and oldest enemy. Presently the whole of the box-cover was off, and the teamster, clearing away the packing, revealed to the astonished group the top of something which puzzled all alike.

"Boys," said he, "this is a pianner."

A general shout of laughter went up, and the man who had been so anxious to enforce respect for the dead muttered something about feeling dry, and the keeper of the nearest bar was several ounces better off by the time the boys had given the joke all the attention it called for.

Had a dozen dead men been in the box their presence in the camp could not have occasioned half the excitement that the arrival of that lonely piano caused. But the next morning it was known that the instrument was to grace a hurdy-gurdy saloon, owned by Tom Goskin, the leading gambler in the place. It took nearly a week to get his wonder on its legs, and the owner was the proudest individual in

the state. It rose gradually from a recumbent to an upright position amid a confusion of tongues, after the manner of the Tower of Babel.

Of course everybody knew just how such an instrument should be put up. One knew where the "off hind leg" should go, and another was posted on the "front piece."

Scores of men came to the place every day to assist.

"I'll put the bones in good order."

"If you want the wires tuned up, I'm the boy."

"I've got music to feed it for a month."

Another brought a pair of blankets for a cover, and all took the liveliest interest in it. It was at last in a condition for business.

"It's been showin' its teeth all the week. We'd like to have it spit out something."

Alas! there wasn't a man to be found who could play upon the instrument. Goskin began to realize that he had a losing speculation on his hands. He had a fiddler, and a Mexican who thrummed a guitar. A pianist would have made his orchestra complete. One day a three-card monte player told a friend confidentially that he could "knock any amount of music out of the piano, if he only had it alone a few hours, to get his hand in." This report spread about the camp, but on being questioned he vowed that he didn't know a note of music. It was noted, however, as a suspicious circumstance, that he often hung about the instrument, and looked upon it longingly, like a hungry man

gloating over a beefsteak in a restaurant window. There was no doubt but that this man had music in his soul, perhaps in his fingers-ends, but did not dare to make trial of his strength after the rules of harmony had suffered so many years of neglect. So the fiddler kept on with his jigs, and the greasy Mexican pawed his discordant guitar, but no man had the nerve to touch the piano. There were doubtless scores of men in the camp who would have given ten ounces of gold-dust to have been half an hour alone with it, but every man's nerve shrank from the jeers which the crowd would shower upon him should his first attempt prove a failure. It got to be generally understood that the hand which first essayed to draw music from the keys must not slouch its work.

. . . . . .

It was Christmas Eve, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling hell with sprigs of mountain cedar and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreens, and all that was wanting to completely fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play the instrument.

"Christmas Night, and no piano-pounder,' he said. "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in."

Getting a piece of paper, he scrawled the words:

$20 Reward
To a compitant Pianer Player

This he stuck up on the music-rack, and, though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from his shell.

So the merrymaking went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddle and worn-out guitar as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man, crouching near the fireplace. His garments—such as were left—were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands toward the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent. He looked about him once in awhile as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of the revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this waif of the storm had brought in with it all of the gloom, and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg-nog, advanced, and remarked cheerily:

"Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smacked his lips, and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains —caught in the storm? Lively night, this!"

"Pretty bad," said the man.

"Must feel pretty dry?"

The man looked at his streaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm.

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose up, and walking over to the lunch counter, fell to work upon some roast bear, devouring it like any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to permeate the stranger, he seemed to expand and lighten up. His features lost their pallor, and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes, the people about him got merrier and happier, and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

"Do you always have your place decorated like this?" he finally asked of Goskin.

"This is Christmas Eve," was the reply.

The stranger was startled.

"December 24th, sure enough."

"That's the way I put it up, pard."

"When I was in England I always kept Christmas. But I had forgotten that this was the night. I've been wandering about in the mountains until I've lost track of the feasts of the church."

Presently his eye fell upon the piano.

"Where's the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the expression.

"I used to play when I was young."

Goskin almost fainted at the admission.

"Stranger, do tackle it, and give us a tune! Nary man in this camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would refuse

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but seizing a candle-box, he drew it up and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room.

"That old coon is going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take in a fifty-dollar bet on the tray, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking, with the glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisation, and as he wove his cords together the music laid its spell upon

every ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys, like a man treading uncertain paths, but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of paradise, melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left!" said an old rough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off into the old ballads they had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough and squeezed out tears as from a wet sponge.

As the strains flowed one upon the other, the listeners saw their homes of the long-ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple-blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the green turf of the old New England states; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they recalled the heather of Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the

sullen roar of the sea, as it beat upon their memories, vaguely. Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in church thirty years before; the subtile music that brings up the glimmer of wax tapers, the solemn shrines, the evergreen, holly, mistletoe, and surpliced choirs. Then the remorseless performer planted his final stab in every heart with "Home, Sweet Home."

When the player ceased the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more revelry and devilment left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, laying his head down on the piano, fell alseep.

"I say, pard," said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"

"I feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down in the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him before morning. I'd like to see his face once before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. He knew Driscoll well.

"He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As Goskin dashed out into the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "Hurry!" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin. It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They saw the old man had drawn the blankets over his face. The two stood a moment, awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down astonished. There was no one there!

"Gone!" cried Driscoll wildly.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash-drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, followed a horse's tracks through the snow, and lost them in the trail leading toward Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card monte man, who used to deny point-blank that he could play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind when the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked toward the ceiling for inspiration, on the night of December 24, 1858.

THE LEARNED NEGRO

(Anonymous)

There was a Negro preacher, I have heard,
In Southern parts before rebellion stirred,
Who did not spend his strength in empty sound;
His was a mind deep-reaching and profound.
Others might beat the air, and make a noise,
And help to amuse the silly girls and boys;
But as for him he was a man of thought,
Deep in theology, although untaught.
He could not read nor write, but he was wise,
And knew right smart how to extemporize.
One Sunday morn, when hymns and prayers were said,
The preacher rose, and rubbing up his head,
"Bredren and sisterin, and companions dear,
Our preachment to-day, as you shall hear,
Will be ob de creation—ob de plan
On which God fashioned Adam, de fust man.
When God made Adam, in de ancient day,
He made his body out ob earth and clay.
He shape him all out right, den by and by,
He set him up agin de fence to dry."
"Stop," said a voice; and straightway there uprose,
An ancient Negro in his master's clothes.
"Tell me," said he, "before you farder go,
One little thing which I should like to know.

It does not quite get through dis niggar's har.
How came dat fence so nice and handy dar?"
Like one who in the mud is tightly stuck,
Or one nonplussed, astonished, thunderstruck,
The preacher looked severely on the pews,
And rubbed his hair to know what words to use:
"Bredren," said he, "dis word I hab to say:
De preacher can't be bothered in dis way;
For, if he is, it's jest as like as not,
Our whole theology will be upsot."

Bill Nye was once chatting with Senator Shirley of Maine, and remarked upon the fact that he (Nye) was born at Shirley in the Senator's state, adding that the town had doubtless been named for one of the Senator's ancestors.

"I didn't know," said the Senator, "that there was such a town in Maine as Shirley."

"I didn't know it, either," said Nye, "until I was born there."

A son of a dignified Hartford man, although not old in years, has a good bit of age in brains.

The family observe the custom of silent blessing at the table, and at dinner recently the six-year-old spoke up:

"Why don't you say it aloud, pa?"

"You can say it aloud if you choose, my son," replied the father, and bowing his head solemnly the little fellow originated this unique grace:

"God have mercy on these victuals."

CHARLES F. BROWNE
("Artemus Ward")

A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG

It is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bol I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest [N. B.—This is rote Sarcastical. Injins is Pizin, wharever found], which they Sed I was their Brother, & wanted for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he'd meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this. *Reven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarved.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U. S. sogers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the Mormins but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um, & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in

Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Young, the grate mogull amung the Mormins, and axed his permisshun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits, and sed:

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latter-Day Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "I'm on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, ritein him sum free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertinly am marrid."

"How do you like it, as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed. "Middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replied that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordinly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big, & in a exceedin large room was his wives & children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was Plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Proze

rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can jerk a Poim ekal to any of them *Atlantic Munthly* fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, "I hev eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, getting up & staring at him

"Sealed, sir!" Sealed.

"Wharebowts?" sez I.

"I sed, sir, that they were sealed!" He spoke in a tragerdy voice.

"Will they probly continner on in that stile to any grate extent, sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he, turning as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may have as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them is as Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperretooual wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seein I shood git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the following fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere, & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, thare

is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats calls him Par & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. Thay allers want suthin, & ef he don't buy it for um thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives fite among theirselves so much that he has bilt a fiting room for thare speshul benefit, & when too of 'em get into a row he has 'em turned loose into that place, where the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks, and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with biling hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previshly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfspring git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake & steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircoot'us rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. "I find that the keers of a married life way hevy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish I'd remaned singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a large krowd of Mormins, which they surroundid me & statid they were goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sez I, "ef I find a individooal who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward's Show without payin nothin!" thay showted.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin very rapid, "we 're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my show?" sez I, gettin putty rily. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a prowd & defiant mean—"tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizness, subject only to the Konstitushun of the U. S.!"

"Oh, now, let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femailes, puttin thare arms round me in luvin style. "Become 1 of us. Becum a Preest & hav wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh, stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall, gawnt femaile, ore whose hed 37 summirs hev parsd—"stay, & I'll be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you won't," sez I. "Awa, you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" *That's what I sed*, JES so.

"& I," sed a fat, chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin' Star!"

Sez I, "Ile bet two dollars and a half you won't!" Whare ear I may Rome Ile be still troo 2 thee, oh, Betsy Jane! [N. B.—Betsy Jane is my wife's Sir naime.]

"Wiltist thou not tarry here in the promist Land?" sed several of the meserabil critters.

"Ile see you all essenshally cussed be 4 I wiltist!" roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare infernal noncents. I girdid up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & Left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum & Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin & onprinsipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe.

"Here, Benny," said Mr. Bloombumper to his young son, as the latter started to church, "is a five-cent piece and a quarter. You can put which you please into the contribution box."

Benny thanked his papa and went to church. Curious to know which coin Benny had given, his papa asked him when he returned and Benny replied:

"Well, papa, it was this way: The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a nickel a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a quarter, so I put the nickel in."

There are trees in California so tall that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

SIMILAR CASES

THERE was once a little animal,
  No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
  Over Tertiary rocks
They called him Eohippus,
  And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value—
  When they thought of him at all;
For the lumpish old Dinoceras,
  And Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy,
  In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus,
  "I am going to be a horse!
And on my middle finger-nails
  To run my earthly course!
I'm going to have a flowing tail!
  I'm going to have a mane!
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high
  On the psychozoic plain!"

The Coryphodon was horrified,
  The Dinoceras was shocked;
And they chased young Eohippus,
  But he skipped away and mocked.

Then they laughed enormous laughter,
And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
Go view his father bones.
Said they, "You always were as small
And mean as now we see,
And that's conclusive evidence
That you're always going to be.
What! Be a great, tall, handsome beast,
With hoofs to gallop on?
Why! You'd have to change your nature!"
Said the Loxolophodon.
They considered him disposed of
And retired with gait serene;
That was the way they argued,
In "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,
Far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do
He always did the best;
So they naturally disliked him,
And they gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him
They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day,
"I'm going to be a Man!
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,
And conquer all I can!
I'm going to cut down forest trees,
To make my houses higher!

I'm going to kill the Mastodon!
I'm going to make a fire!"

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes
With laughter wild and gay;
They tried to catch that boastful one,
But he always got away.
So they yelled at him in chorus,
Which he minded not a whit;
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,
Which didn't seem to hit.
And then they gave him reasons
Which they thought of much avail,
To prove how his preposterous
Attempt was sure to fail.
Said the sages, "In the first place,
The thing cannot be done!
And, second, if it *could* be,
It would not be any fun!
And, third, and most conclusive,
And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature!
We should like to see you try!"
They chuckled then triumphantly,
These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,
An enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements
Unusually bright,

Unusually clever he,
  Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths
  On the borders of his cave.
To his Neolithic neighbors,
  Who were startled and surprised,
Said he, "My friends, in course of time,
  We shall be civilized!
We are going to live in cities,
  We are going to fight in wars!
We are going to eat three times a day
  Without the natural cause!
We are going to turn life upside down
  About a thing called gold!
We are going to want the earth, and take
  As much as we can hold!
We are going to wear great piles of stuff
  Outside our proper skins!
We are going to have Diseases!
  And Accomplishments!! And Sins!!!"

Then they all rose up in fury
  Against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience
  Cometh quickly to an end.
Said one, "This is chimerical!
  Utopian! Absurd!"
Said another, "What a stupid life!
  Too dull, upon my word!"
Cried all, "Before such things can come,
  You idiotic child,

You must alter Human Nature!"
And they sat all back and smiled.
Thought they, "An answer to that last
It will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic Mind!

In 1864 President Lincoln was greatly bothered by the well-meant but ill-advised efforts of certain good Northern men to bring about a termination of the war. An old gentleman from Massachusetts, very bland and entirely bald, was especially persistent and troublesome. Again and again he appeared before the President and was got rid of by one and another ingenious expedient. One day, when this angel of mercy had been boring Mr. Lincoln for half an hour, to the interruption of important business, the President suddenly rose, went to a closet, and took out of it a large bottle. "Did you ever try this remedy for baldness?" he asked, holding up the bottle before his astonished visitor. No; the man was obliged to confess that he never had tried it. Mr. Lincoln called a servant had the bottle wrapped up, and handed it to the bald philanthropist. "There," said he, "go and rub some of that on your head. Persevere. They say it will make the hair grow. Come back in about three months and report." And almost before he knew it, the good man was outside of the door with the package under his arm.

PALABRAS GRANDIOSAS

After T—— B—— A——

I lay i' the bosom of the sun,
Under the roses dappled and dun.
I thought of the Sultan Gingerbeer,
In his palace beside the Bendemeer,
With his Afghan guards and his eunuchs blind,
And the harem that stretched for a league behind
The tulips bent i' the summer breeze,
Under the broad chrysanthemum trees,
And the minstrel, playing his culverin,
Made for mine ears a merry din.
If I were the Sultan, and he were I,
Here i' the grass he should loafing lie,
And I should bestride my zebra steed,
And the ride of the hunt of the centipede:
While the pet of the harem, Dandeline,
Should fill me a crystal bucket of wine,
And the kislar aga, Up-to-Snuff,
Should wipe my mouth when I sighed
"Enough!"
And the gay court-poet, Fearfulbore,
Should sit in the hall when the hunt was o'er
And chant me songs of silvery tone,
Not from Hafiz, but—mine own!

Ah, wee sweet love, beside me here,
I am not the Sultan Gingerbeer,
Nor you the odalisque Dandeline,
Yet I am yourn, and you are mine!

Bayard Taylor

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

HOW I KILLED A BEAR

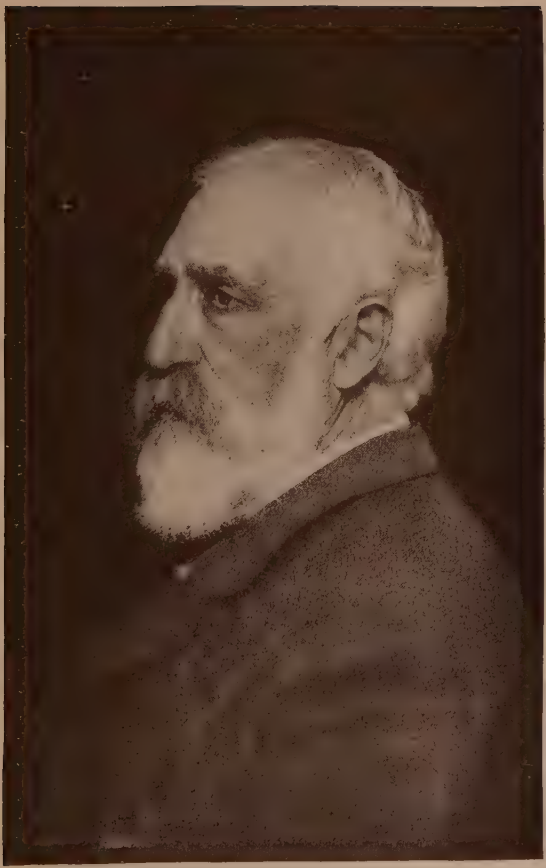
So MANY conflicting accounts have appeared about my casual encounter with an Adirondack bear last summer, that in justice to the public, to myself and to the bear it is necessary to make a plain statement of the facts. Besides, it is so seldom I have occasion to kill a bear that the celebration of the exploit may be excused.

The encounter was unpremeditated on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is, that we were both out blackberrying and met by chance—the usual way. There is among the Adirondack visitors always a great deal of conversation about bears—a general expression of the wish to see one in the woods, and much speculation as to how a person would act if he or she chanced to meet one. But bears are scarce and timid, and appear only to a favored few.

It was a warm day in August—just the sort of a day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeepers at our cottage—there were four of them—to send me to the clearing, on the mountain back

of the house, to pick blackberries. It was, rather, a series of small clearings, running up into the forest, much overgrown with bushes and briers, and not unromantic. Cows pastured there, penetrating through the leafy passages from one opening to another, and browsing among the bushes. I was kindly furnished with a six-quart pail, and told not to be gone long.

Not from any predatory instinct, but to save appearances, I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he carries a gun. It was possible I might start up a partridge; though how I was to hit him, if he started up instead of standing still, puzzled me. Many people use a shotgun for partridges. I prefer the rifle; it makes a clean job of death, and does not prematurely stuff the bird with globules of lead. The rifle was a Sharps, carrying a ball cartridge (ten to the pound) —an excellent weapon belonging to a friend of mine, who had intended, for a good many years back, to kill a deer with it. He could hit a tree with it—if the wind did not blow, and the atmosphere was just right, and the tree was not too far off—nearly every time. Of course the tree must have some size. Needless to say that I was at that time no sportsman Years ago I killed a robin under the most humiliating circumstances. The bird was in a low cherry tree. I loaded a big shotgun pretty full, crept up under the tree, rested the gun on the fence, with the muzzle more than ten feet from



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

the bird, shut both eyes and pulled the trigger. When I got up to see what had happened, the robin was scattered about under the tree in more than a thousand pieces, no one of which was big enough to enable a naturalist to decide from it to what species it belonged. This disgusted me with the life of a sportsman. I mention the incident to show that, although I went blackberrying armed, there was not much inequality between me and the bear.

In this blackberry patch bears had been seen. The summer before our colored cook, accompanied by a little girl of the vicinage, was picking berries there one day, when a bear came out of the woods and walked toward them. The girl took to her heels and escaped. Aunt Chloe was paralyzed with terror. Instead of attempting to run, she sat down on the ground where she was standing, and began to weep and scream, giving herself up for lost. The bear was bewildered by this conduct. He approached and looked at her; he walked around and surveyed her. Probably he had never seen a colored person before, and did not know whether she would agree with him: at any rate, after watching her a few moments, he turned about and went into the forest This is an authentic instance of the delicate consideration of a bear, and is much more remarkable than the forbearance toward the African slave of the well-known lion, because the bear had no thorn in his foot.

When I had climbed the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit (that always promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it); penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cowpaths flecked with sunlight, into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the crackling of sticks, and the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in the thicket from the flies. Occasionally as I broke through a covert, I encountered a meek cow, who stared at me stupidly for a second and then shambled off into the brush. I became accustomed to this dumb society, and picked on in silence, attributing all the wood-noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear. In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear, and, as I picked, was composing a story about a generous she-bear who had lost her cub, and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly off to a cave, and brought her up on bear's milk and honey. When the girl got big enough to run away, moved by her inherited instincts, she escaped, and came into the valley to her father's house (this part of the story was to be worked out so that the child would know her father by some family resemblance, and have some language in which to address him), and told him where the bear lived. The father took his gun, and, guided by the unfeeling

daughter, went into the woods and shot the bear, who never made any resistance, and only, when dying, turned reproachful eyes upon her murderer. The moral of the tale was to be, kindness to animals.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other edge of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind legs, and doing just what I was doing—picking blackberries. With one paw he bent down the bush, while with the other he clawed the berries into his mouth—green ones and all. To say that I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I didn't want to see a bear, after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise. It is all very well to imagine what you would do under such circumstances. Probably you wouldn't do it; I didn't. The bear dropped down on his forefeet and came slowly toward me. Climbing a tree was of no use, with so good a climber in the rear. If I started to run, I had no doubt the bear would give chase; and although a bear cannot run down hill as fast as he can run uphill, yet I felt that he could get over this rough, brush-tangled ground faster than I could.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries—much

better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground, and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as beast tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries and stopped. Not accustomed to eat out of a pail, he tipped it over and nosed about in the fruit, "gorming" (if there is such a word) it down, mixed with leaves and dirt, like a pig. The bear is a worse feeder than the pig. Whenever he disturbs a maple-sugar camp in the spring, he always upsets the buckets of syrup, and tramples round in the sticky sweets, wasting more than he eats. The bear's manners are thoroughly disagreeable.

As soon as my enemy's head was down I started and ran. Somewhat out of breath, and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye. I felt that the time of one of us was probably short. The rapidity of thought at such moments of peril is well known. I thought an octavo volume, had it illustrated and published, sold fifty thousand copies, and went to Europe on the proceeds, while that bear was loping across the clearing. As I was cocking the gun, I made a hasty and unsatisfactory review of my whole life. I noted that, even in such a compulsory review, it is almost impossible to think of any good thing you have done. The sins come out uncommonly strong. I recollected

a newspaper subscription I had delayed paying years and years ago, until both editor and newspaper were dead, and which now never could be paid to all eternity.

The bear was coming on.

I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I couldn't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off. I tried to think what is the best way to kill a bear with a gun when you are not near enough to club him with the stock. My first thought was to fire at his head; to plant the ball between his eyes, but this is a dangerous experiment. The bear's brain is very small; and, unless you hit that, the bear does not mind a bullet in his head—that is, not at the time. I remembered that the instant death of the bear would follow a bullet planted just back of the foreleg, and sent into his heart. This spot is also difficult to reach, unless the bear stands off, side toward you, like a target. I finally determined to fire at him generally.

The bear was coming on.

The contest seemed to me very different from anything at Creedmoor. I had carefully read the reports of the shooting there; but it was not easy to apply the experience I had thus acquired. I hesitated whether I had better fire lying on my stomach, or lying on my back, and resting the gun on my toes. But in neither position, I

reflected, could I see the bear until he was upon me. The range was too short; and the bear wouldn't wait for me to examine the thermometer, and note the direction of the wind. Trial of the Creedmoor method, therefore, had to be abandoned; and I bitterly regretted that I had not read more accounts of offhand shooting.

For the bear was coming on.

I tried to fix my last thoughts upon my family. As my family is small, this was not difficult. Dread of displeasing my wife, or hurting her feelings, was uppermost in my mind. What would be her anxiety as hour after hour passed on and I did not return! What would the rest of the household think as the afternoon passed and no blackberries came! What would be my wife's mortification when the news was brought that her husband had been eaten by a bear! I cannot imagine anything more ignominious than to have a husband eaten by a bear. And this was not my only anxiety. The mind at such times is not under control. With the gravest fears the most whimsical ideas will occur. I looked beyond the mourning friends, and thought what kind of an epitaph they would be compelled to put upon the stone. Something like this:

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF

EATEN BY A BEAR
Aug. 20, 1877

It is a very unheroic and even disagreeable epitaph. That "eaten by a bear" is intolerable. It is grotesque. And then I thought what an inadequate language the English is for compact expression. It would not answer to put upon the stone simply "eaten," for that is indefinite, and requires explanation: it might mean eaten by a cannibal. This difficulty could not occur in the German, where *essen* signifies the act of feeding by a man, and *fressen* by a beast. How simple the thing would be in German—

HIER LIEGT
HOCHWOHLGEBOREN
HERR ————
GEFRESSEN
Aug. 20, 1877

That explains itself. The well-born one was eaten by a beast, and presumably by a bear—an animal that has a bad reputation since the days of Elisha.

The bear was coming on; he had, in fact, come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. All my subsequent reflections were confused. I raised the gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive. Then I turned and ran like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped

in a charge, keeping my eyes on the bear. He never stirred. I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in the hind legs, but no other motion. Still, he might be shamming: bears often sham. To make sure, I approached and put a ball into his head. He didn't mind it now; he minded nothing. Death had come to him with a merciful suddenness. He was calm in death. In order that he might remain so, I blew his brains out, and then started for home. I had killed a bear!

Notwithstanding my excitement, I managed to saunter into the house with an unconcerned air. There was a chorus of voices:

"Where are your blackberries?"

"Why were you gone so long?"

"Where's your pail?"

"I left the pail."

"Left the pail? What for?"

"A bear wanted it."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, the last I saw of it a bear had it."

"Oh, come! You didn't really see a bear?"

"Yes, but I did really see a real bear."

"Did he run?"

"Yes; he ran after me."

"I don't believe a word of it! What did you do?"

"Oh! nothing particular—except kill the bear."

Cries of "Gammon!" Don't believe it." "Where's the bear?"

"If you want to see the bear, you must go up in the woods. I couldn't bring him down alone."

Having satisfied the household that something extraordinary had occurred, and excited the posthumous fear of some of them for my own safety, I went down into the valley to get help. The great bear-hunter, who keeps one of the summer boarding-houses, received my story with a smile of incredulity; and the incredulity spread to the other inhabitants and to the boarders as soon as the story was known. However, as I insisted in all soberness, and offered to lead them to the bear, a party of forty or fifty people at last started off with me to bring the bear in. Nobody believed there was any bear in the case, but everybody who could get a gun carried one; and we went into the woods, armed with guns, pistols, pitchforks and sticks, against all contingencies or surprises—a crowd made up mostly of scoffers and jeerers.

But when I led the way to the fatal spot and pointed out the bear, lying peacefully wrapped in his own skin, something like terror seized the boarders, and genuine excitement the natives. It was a no-mistake bear, by George! and the hero of the fight—well, I will not insist upon that. But what a procession that was, carrying the bear home! and what a congregation was speedily gathered in the valley to see the bear! Our best preacher up there never drew anything like it on Sunday.

And I must say that my particular friends, who were sportsmen, behaved very well on the whole. They didn't deny that it was a bear, although they said it was small for a bear. Mr. Dean, who is equally good with a rifle and a rod, admitted that it was a very fair shot. He is probably the best salmon-fisher in the United States, and he is an equally good hunter. I suppose there is no person in America who is more desirous to kill a moose than he. But he needlessly remarked, after he had examined the wound in the bear, that he had seen that kind of a shot made by a cow's horn.

This sort of talk affected me not. When I went to sleep that night, my last delicious thought was, "I've killed a bear!"

ON THE CONTRARY

Attorney-General Garland confesses that he is not a success at poker. Henry Clay was more fortunate. He used to have card parties at the Ashland homestead, and it is not on record that the speculation was a bad one. One day a young lady visitor from the North, to whom the sight of the poker tables was rather an alarming one, said to the wife of the statesman:

"Mrs. Clay, doesn't it shock you to see your husband playing cards so much in his own house?"

"Oh, no," replied the benevolent old lady innocently; "he 'most always wins."

EARLY RISING

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right!

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks!

Thompson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
At ten o'clock A. M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cozily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all
surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

HENRY W. SHAW ("Josh Billings")

TO CORRESPONDENTS

"*Benzine.*"—Men who have a grate deal to do with hosses seem tew demoralize faster than the hosses do.

Hosses are like dice, and kards; altho they are virteous enuff themselves, how natral it iz two gambol with them.

Hosses luv the society ov man, and being susceptible ov grate deceit, they will learn a man how to cheat and lie before he knows it.

I know lots ov folks who are real pius, and who are honest enuff tew work up into united estate accessors, and hav sum good-sized moral chunks left over, but when they cum tew tork hoss they want az mutch looking after az a case ov dipthery.

"*Benvolio.*"—In writing for yu an alanasiss ov the frog, i must confess that i hav coppied the whole thing, "verbatus ad liberating," from the works ov a selebrated French writer on natural history, ov the 16th sentry.

The frog iz, in the fust case, a tadpole, aul boddy and tail, without cuming tew a head.

He travels in pond holes, bi the side ov the turnpike, and iz accellerated bi the acktivity ov his tail, which wriggles with uncommon

limberness and vivacity. Bi and bi, pretty soon before long, in a few daze, his tail iz no more, and legs begin to emerge from the south end ov the animal; and from the north end, at the same time, may be seen a disposition tew head out.

In this cautious way the frog iz built, and then for the fust time in his life begins two git his head abuv water.

His success is now certain, and soon, in about five daze more, he may be seen sitting down on himself bi the side ov the pond hole, and looking at the dinner baskets ov the children on their way tew the distrikt skoolhous.

Az the children cum more nearer, with a club, or chunk ov a brickbat in his hand tew swott him with, he rares up on his behind leggs, and enters the water, head fust, without opening the door. Thus the frog does bizzness for a spell of time, until he gits tew be 21, and then his life iz more ramified.

Frogs hav 2 naturs, ground and water, and are az free from sin az an oyster.

I never knu a frog tew hurt ennyboddy who paid his honest dets and took the daily papers.

I don't reckoleckt now whether a frog has enny before leggs or not, and if he don't it ain't ennyboddy's bizzness but the frog's.

Their hind legs are used for refreshments, but the rest ov him won't pay for eating.

A frog iz the only person who kan live in a well and not git tired.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night after Christmas, and all through the flat,
Every creature was wide-awake—barring the cat;
The stockings were flung in a heap on a chair,
Quite empty of candy St. Nick had put there.
The children were all doubled up in their beds,
With pains in their tummies and aches in their heads.
Mamma heated water, while I, in my wrapper,
Was walking the kid (who is not a kid-napper);
When out in the street there arose a great clatter,
And I put down the kid to see what was the matter;
Rushed out in the entry, threw the door open wide,
And found an old gentleman standing outside.
I looked at him closely, and realized then
'Twas the doctor I'd sent for that morning at ten.
He was dressed in an ulster, to keep him from chills,
And his pockets were bulging with boxes of pills.
He came to the nursery and opened his pack,
Full of fresh paragoric and strong ipecac;
Rhubarb and soda-mints, fine castor oil,
And pink sticking-plaster, rolled up in a coil.
The children all howled in a chorus of pain,
And the kid lifted up his contralto again.

He felt all their pulses and looked at their tongues,
Took all their temperatures, sounded their lungs.
When he'd dosed all the children and silenced the kid,
He put back his medicine, down the stairs slid,
Jumped into his cab, and said to the driver
(In excellent humor—he'd just made a "fiver"):
"I'm twelve hours behind my appointments, I fear,
But I wish it was Christmas each day in the year!"

"P. Familias."

By permission of *Life* Publishing Company.

A young husband, finding that his pretty but rather extravagant wife was considerably exceeding their income, brought her home one day a neat little account book. This he presented to her, together with fifty dollars.

"Now, my dear," he said, "I want you to put down what I give you on this side, and on the other write down the way it goes; and in a fortnight I will give you another supply."

A couple of weeks later he asked for the book.

"Oh, I have kept the account all right!" said his wife. "See—here it is."

On one page was inscribed, "Received from Willie, fifty dollars," and on the opposite page was the comprehensive little summary, "Spent it all."

IN THE CATACOMBS

Sam Brown was a fellow from 'way down East,
Who never was "staggered" in the least.
No tale of marvelous beast or bird
Could match the stories he had heard;
No curious place or wondrous view
"Was ekil to Podunk, I tell yu."

If they told him of Italy's sunny clime,
"Maine kin beat it, every time!"
If they marveled at Ætna's fount of fire,
They roused his ire.
With an injured air
He'd reply, "I swear
I don't think much of a smokin' hill;
We've got a moderate little rill
Kin make yer old volcaner still;
Jes' pour old Kennebec down the crater,
'N' I guess it'll cool her fiery nater!"

They showed him a room where a queen had slept;
"'Twan't up to the tavern daddy kept."
They showed him Lucerne; but he had drunk
From the beautiful Molechunkamunk.
They took him at last to ancient Rome,
And inveighled him into a catacomb:

Here they plied him with drafts of wine,
Though he vowed old cider was twice as fine,
Till the fumes of Falernian filled his head,
And he slept as sound as the silent dead;
They removed a mummy to make him room,
And laid him at length in the rocky tomb.

They piled old skeletons round the stone,
Set a "dip" in a candlestick of bone,
And left him to slumber there alone;
Then watched from a distance the taper's gleam,
Waiting to jeer at his frightened scream,
When he should wake from his drunken dream.

After a time the Yankee woke,
But instantly saw through the flimsy joke;
So never a cry or shout he uttered,
But solemnly rose, and slowly muttered:
"I see how it is. It's the judgment day,
We've all been dead and stowed away:
All these stone furreners sleepin' yet,
An' I'm the fust one up, you bet!
Can't none o' you Romans start, I wonder?
United States ahead, by thunder!"

HARLAN HOGE BALLARD.

IRWIN RUSSELL

THE ORIGIN OF THE BANJO

Go 'WAY, fiddle! Folks is tired o' hearin' you
a-squawkin',
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah
de banjo talkin'?
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—
ladies, listen—
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r
is missin'.

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah,
lookin' solemn—
Fur Noah tuk the *Herald*, an' he read de
ribber column—
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber
patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat
the steamer "Natchez."

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-
sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an
a-pshawin',
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz
gwine to happen',
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep'
a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done catched a lot ob ebry sort
o' beas'es,
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to
pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey
cattle—
An' druv 'em board de Ark as soon's he heered
de thunder rattle.

Den sech another fall ot rain! It come so
awful hebby
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de
lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out—'cep' Noah
an' de critters
An' men he'd hired to work de boat, an' one
to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' an' a-
sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de
palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell whut
wid all de fussin'
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin'
'roun' an' cussin'.

Now Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin'
on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop an' c'u'dn't
stan' de racket;

An' so, fur to amuse hisse'f, he steamed some
wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat
was invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge
an' screws an' aprin,
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long
an' tap'rin'.
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur
to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he
gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's
a-singin';
De ha'rs so long an' thick an' strong—des fit
fur banjo-stringin';
Dat nigger shabed 'em off as short as washday-
dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to
bases.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz
"Nebber min' de wedder"—
She soun' like forty-leben bands a-playin' all
togedder.
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah
called de figgers,
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest
ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange
dere's not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-
growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people
nebber los' 'em—
Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo
an' de possum.
—From "Christmas Night in the Quarters."

The wife and daughter of a captain who is himself a man of education accompanied him on a trip during which he visited various Russian ports. The mother is a woman of no cultivation, and her daughter seems to have more of her mother in her than of her father. On their return to America, a lady who was calling on Mrs. Captain X—— began to ask about the different ports which the ship had visited.

"I can't say that I noticed much," Mrs. X—— would reply. "I don't seem to remember much about all those places."

"But at least you must remember St. Petersburg," the caller said. "You were there a week, your husband told me."

"Oh, yes, I remember St. Petersburg," was the reply. "It was there that Sadie and I finished our silk quilt. We just worked like beavers all the time we were in port, so that we could begin a new one when we started for home."

BILL NYE

ON CYCLONES

I DESIRE to state that my position as United States cyclonist for this judicial district became vacant on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1884.

I have not the necessary personal magnetism to look a cyclone in the eye and make it quail. I am stern and even haughty in my intercourse with men, but when a Manitoba simoon takes me by the brow of my pantaloons and throws me across Township 28, Range 18, west of the 5th principal meridian, I lose my mental reserve and become anxious and even taciturn. For years I had yearned to see a grown-up cyclone, of the ring-tail-puller variety, mop up the green earth with huge forest trees and make the landscape look tired. On the 9th day of September, A.D. 1884, my morbid curiosity was gratified.

As the people came out into the forest with lanterns and pulled me out of the crotch of a basswood tree, with a "tackle and fall," I remember I told them I didn't yearn for any more atmospheric phenomena.

The old desire for a hurricane that could blow a cow through a penitentiary was satiated. I remember when the doctor pried the bones of my leg together, in order to kind of draw my

attention away from the limb, he asked me how I liked the fall style of zephyr in that locality. I said it was all right, what there was of it. I said this in a tone of bitter irony.

Cyclones are of two kinds—viz., the dark maroon cyclone, and the iron-gray cyclone with pale green mane and tail. It was the latter kind I frolicked with on the above-named date.

My brother and I were riding along in the grand old forest, and I had just been singing a few bars from the opera of "Whoop 'em up, Lizzie Jane," when I noticed that the wind was beginning to sough through the trees. Soon after that I noticed that I was soughing through the trees also, and I am really no slouch of a sougher either when I get started.

The horse was hanging by the breeching from the bough of a large butternut tree, waiting for some one to come and pick him.

I did not see my brother at first, but after a while he disengaged himself from a rail fence, and came to where I was hanging, wrong end up, with my personal effects spilling out of my pockets. I told him that as soon as the wind kind of softened down I wished he would go and pick the horse. He did so, and at midnight a party of friends carried me into town on a stretcher. It was quite an ovation. To think of a torchlight procession coming out way out there into the woods at midnight, and carrying me into town on their shoulders in triumph! And yet I was once a poor boy!

It shows what may be accomplished by any one if he will persevere and insist on living a different life.

The cyclone is a natural phenomenon, enjoying the most robust health. It may be a pleasure for a man with great will-power and an iron constitution to study more carefully into the habits of the cyclones, but as far as I am concerned, individually, I could worry along some way if we didn't have a phenomenon in the house from one year's end to another.

As I sit here, with my leg in a silicate of soda corset, and watch the merry throng promenading down the street, or mingling in the giddy torchlight procession, I cannot repress a feeling toward a cyclone that almost amounts to disgust.

THE MAN AND THE GOOSE

A MAN was plucking a living goose when his victim addressed him thus:

"Suppose *you* were a goose; do you think you would relish this sort of thing?"

"Well, suppose I were," answered the man; "do you think *you* would like to pluck me?"

"Indeed I would!" was the emphatic, natural, but injudicious reply.

"Just so," concluded her tormentor; "that's the way *I* feel about the matter."

AMBROSE BIERCE.

EUGENE FIELD

BAKED BEANS AND CULTURE

The members of the Boston Commercial Club are charming gentlemen. They are now the guests of the Chicago Commercial Club, and are being shown every attention that our market affords. They are a fine-looking lot, well-dressed and well-mannered, with just enough whiskers to be impressive without being imposing.

"This is a darned likely village," said Seth Adams last evening. "Everybody is rushin' 'round an' doin' business as if his life depended on it. Should think they'd git all tuckered out 'fore night, but I'll be darned if there ain't just as many folks on the street after nightfall as afore. We're stoppin' at the Palmer tavern, an' my chamber is up so all-fired high that I can count your meeetin'-house steeples from the winder."

Last night five or six of these Boston merchant sat around the office of the hotel and discussed matters and things. Pretty soon they got to talking about beans: this was the subject which they dwelt on with evident pleasure.

"Waal, sir," said Ephraim Taft, a wholesale dealer in maple sugar and flavored lozenges, "you kin talk 'bout your new-fashioned dishes an' high falutin' vittles; but, when you come

right down to it, there ain't no better eatin than a dish o' baked pork 'n' beans."

"That's so, b' gosh!" chorused the others.

"The truth o' the matter is," continued Mr. Taft, "that beans is good for everybody—'t don't make no difference whether he's well or sick. Why, I've known a thousand folks—waal, mebbe not quite a thousand; but—waal, now, jest to show, take the case of Bill Holbrook: you remember Bill, don't ye?"

"Bill Holbrook?" said Mr. Ezra Eastman; "why, of course I do! Used to live down to Brimfield, next to the Moses Howard farm."

"That's the man," resumed Mr. Taft. "Waal, Bill fell sick,—kinder moped round, tired like, for a week or two, an' then tuck to his bed. His folks sent for Dock Smith—ol' Dock Smith that used to carry a pair o' leather saddle-bags. Gosh, they don't have no sech doctors nowadays! Waal, the dock, he come; an' he looked at Bill's tongue, an' felt uv his pulse, an' said that Bill had typhus fever. Ol' Dock Smith was a very careful, conserv'tive man, an' he never said nothin' unless he knowed he was right.

"Bill began to git wuss, an' he kep' a-gittin' wuss every day. One mornin' ol' Dock Smith sez, 'Look a-here, Bill, I guess you're a-goner; as I figger it, you can't hol' out till nightfall.'

"Bill's mother insisted on a con-sul-tation bein' held; so ol' Dock Smith sent over for young Dock Brainerd. I calc'late that, next *to*

ol' Dock Smith, young Dock Brainerd was the smartest doctor that ever lived.

"Waal, pretty soon along come Dock Brainerd; an' he an' Dock Smith went all over Bill, an' looked at his tongue, an' felt uv his pulse, an' told him it was a gone case, an' that he had got to die. Then they went on into the spare chamber to hold their con-sul-tation.

"Waal, Bill he lay there in the front room a-pantin' an' a-gaspin', an' a wond'rin' whether it wuz true. As he wuz thinkin', up comes the girl to git a clean table-cloth out of the clothes-press, an' she left the door ajar as she come in. Bill he gave a sniff, an' his eyes grew more natural like: he gathered together all the strength he had, and he raised himself up on one elbow, and sniffed again.

"'Sary,' says he, 'wot's that a-cookin'?'

"'Beans,' says she; 'beans for dinner.'

"'Sary,' says the dyin' man, 'I must hev a plate uv them beans!'

"'Sakes alive, Mr. Holbrook!' says she; 'if you wuz to eat any o' them beans it'd kill ye!'

"'If I've got to die,' says he, 'I'm goin' to die happy; fetch me a plate uv them beans.'

"Waal, Sary she pikes off to the doctors.

"'Look a-here,' says she; 'Mr. Holbrook smelt the beans cookin', an' he says he's got to have some. Now, what shall I do about it?'

"'Waal, Doctor,' says Dock Smith, 'what do you think 'bout it?'

"'He's got to die anyhow,' says Dock Brainerd,

'an' I don't suppose the beans 'll make any diff'rence.'

"'That's the way I figger it,' says Dock Smith; 'in all my practice I never knew of beans hurtin' anybody.'

"So Sary went down to the kitchen an' brought up a plateful of hot baked beans. Dock Smith raised Bill up in bed, an' Dock Brainerd put a piller under the small of Bill's back. Then Sary sat down by the bed an' fed them beans into Bill until Bill couldn't hold any more.

"'How air you feelin' now?' asked Dock Smith

"Bill didn't say nothin'; he jest smiled sort uv peaceful like an' closed his eyes.

"'The end hez come,' said Dock Brainerd softly; 'Bill is dyin'.'

"Then Bill murmured kind o' far-away like: 'I ain't dyin'; I'm dead an' in heaven.'

"Next mornin' Bill got out uv bed an' done a big day's work on the farm, an' he hain't hed a sick spell since. Them beans cured him! I tell you, sir, that beans is," etc.

It is related that a chronic office-seeker died a few years ago and his friends asked a well-known journalist for an epitaph for his tombstone. The journalist suggested the following, which was not, however, adopted: "Here lies John Jones in the only place for which he never applied."

WHAT HE WANTED IT FOR

Those who attended the sale of animals from Barnum's hippodrome in Bridgeport report the following occurrence. A tiger was being offered. The bid run up to forty-five hundred dollars. This was made by a man who was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. Barnum, who had been eyeing the stranger uneasily during the bidding, now went up to him and said:

"Pardon me for asking the question; but will you tell me where you are from?"

"Down south a bit," responded the man.

"Are you connected with any show?"

"No."

"And are you buying this animal for yourself?"

"Yes."

Barnum shifted about uneasily for a moment, looking alternately at the man and at the tiger and evidently trying his best to reconcile the two together.

"Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to, for there are those here who will take it off your hands."

"I don't want to sell," was the stranger's quiet reply.

Then Barnum said, in his desperation:

What He Wanted It For

"What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast, if you have no show of your own and are not buying for some one who is a showman?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the purchaser. "My wife died about three weeks ago. We had lived together for ten years, and—and I miss her." He paused to wipe his eyes and steady his voice, and then added, "So I've bought this tiger."

"I understand you," said the great showman in a husky voice. J. M. Bailey.

One of the best stories that occurs to me offhand, relates to a Jew who kept a sort of combination pawnshop and second-hand clothing store. One day he went out and left the place in charge of his son. When he came back he said:

"Vell, Isaac, how vas business ven I vas oud?"

"Business vas goot, fader," the son said; "ferry goot."

"Vat did you sell?"

"Nothings; but dot man wat buy de diamon' ring yesterday come back an' pawned it."

"Und did you sell him someting else?"

"No, fader; 'e look as if 'e vas too much discouraged to buy anyting."

"Un you call dot doing goot bizness? If he look disgouraged, vy not you sell him a revolver?" General Nelson A. Miles.

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN

SUPERINTINDINT wuz Flannigan;
Boss av the siction was Finnigin;
Whiniver the kyars got offen the track
An' muddled up things t' th' divil an' back
Finnigin writ it to Flannigan,
Afther the wrick wuz all on agin:
That is, this Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,
He writ tin pages—did Finnigin.
An' he tould jist how the smash occurred;
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd
Did Finnigin write to Flannigan
Afther the cars had gone on agin.
That wuz how Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin
He'd more idjucation—had Flannigan;
An' it wore 'm clane an' complately out
To tell what Finnegan writ about
In his writin' to Muster Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finigan:
"Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Finnigin to Flannigan

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan,
He blushed rosy rid—did Finnigin;
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay
That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay
Befoore Sup'rintindint, that's Flannigan,
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.
From Finnigin to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long agin."

. . . . . .

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin,
On the road sup'rintinded by Flannigan,
A rail give way on a bit av a curve
An' some kyars went off as they made the swerve.
'There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,
'But repoorts must be made to Flannigan,"
An' he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
As minny a railroader's been agin,
An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down his repoort was Finnigin
An' he writed this here: "Muster Flannigan:
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

S. W. Gillilan.

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THE PESSIMIST*

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus thro' life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

BEN KING.

* Sometimes published under the title "The Sum of Life."—Editor.

JOSEPH QUINLAN MURPHY

CASEY AT THE BAT

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day
The score stood four to six with but an inning left to play.
And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game
A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope that springs eternal within the human breast
For they thought if only Casey could get a whack at that
They'd put up even money with Casey at the bat.
But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a pudding and the latter was a fake;
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.
But Flynn let drive a single to the wonderment of all,

And the much despised Blakey tore the cover
off the ball,
And when the dust had lifted and they saw
what had occurred,
There was Blakey safe on second, and Flynn
a-hugging third.
Then from the gladdened multitude went up
a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountain-top and rattled
in the dell,
It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on
the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to
the bat.
There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped
into his place,
There was pride in Casey's hearing and a smile
on Casey's face,
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly
doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas
Casey at the bat.
Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his
hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded as he wiped
them on his shirt;
And while the writhing pitcher ground the ball
into his hip—
Defiance gleamed from Casey's eye—a sneer
curled Casey's lip.
And now the leather-covered sphere came
hurtling through the air,

And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That hain't my style," said Casey—"Strike one," the Umpire said.
From the bleachers black with people there rose a sullen roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him! Kill the Umpire!" shouted some one from the stand—
And it's likely they'd have done it had not Casey raised his hand.
With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult and he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher and again the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it and the Umpire said "Strike two."
"Fraud!" yelled the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud,"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold; they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey would not let that ball go by again.
The sneer is gone from Casey's lips; his teeth are clenched with hate

He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon
the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now
he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of
Casey's blow.
Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun
is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and some-
where children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey
has "Struck Out."

Bishop Dudley (Episcopal) of Kentucky, when hunting and fishing, made the acquaintance of a mountaineer, who took a fancy to him without suspecting his calling. When the bishop was about to go home he invited the old man to Louisville to hear him preach.

"Preach? Whut, you preach? Kin you preach ez well ez you kin shoot an' fish?'

"Better. No joke. Come Sunday with your best clothes and I'll give you a front seat."

The old chap was there, right up in front, and remained until the bitter end, after which he hurried forward to shake the bishop's hand.

"Parson," he cried warmly; "I don't know a great deal about your creeds and dogmatics, but I've riz and sot with you every time."

F. P. DUNNE ("Mr. Dooley")

ON GOLD-SEEKING

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Hennessy, "that Alaska's th' gr-reat place. I thought 'twas nawthin' but an iceberg with a few seals roostin' on it, an' wan or two hundhred Ohio politicians that can't be killed on account iv th' threaty iv Pawrs. But here they tell me 'tis fairly smothered in goold. A man stubs his toe on th' ground an lifts th' top off iv a goold mine. Ye go to bed at night an wake up with goold fillin' in ye'er teeth."

"Yes," said Mr. Dooley. "Clancy's son was in here this mornin', an' he says a frind iv his wint to sleep out in th' open wan night, an' whin he got up his pants assayed four ounces iv goold to th' pound, an' his whiskers panned out as much as thirty dollars net."

"If I was a young man an' not tied down here," said Mr. Hennessy, "I'd go there; I wud so."

"I wud not," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin I was a young man in th' ol' counthry, we heerd th' same story about all America. We used to set be th' tur-rf fire o' nights, kickin' our bare legs on th' flure an' wishin' we was in New York where all ye had to do was to hold ye'er

hat an' th' goold guineas'd dhrop into it. An' whin I got to be a man, I come over here with a ham and a bag iv oatmeal, as sure that I'd return in a year with money enough to dhrive me own ca-ar as I was that me name was Martin Dooley. An' that was a cinch.

"But, faith, whin I'd been here a week, I seen that there was nawthin' but mud undher th' pavement—I learned that be means iv a pick-ax at tin shillin's th' day—an' that, though there was plenty iv goold, thim that had it were froze to it; an' I come West, still lookin' f'r mines. Th' on'y mine I sthruck at Pittsburg was a hole f'r sewer pipe. I made it. Siven shillin's th' day. Smaller thin New York, but th' livin' was cheaper, with Mon'gahela rye five a throw, put ye'er hand around th' glass.

"I was still dreamin' goold, an' I wint down to Saint Looey. Th' nearest I come to a fortune there was findin' a quarther on th' sthreet as I leaned over th' dashboord iv a car to whack th' off mule. Whin I got to Chicago, I looked around f'r the goold mine. They was Injuns here thin. But they wasn't anny mines I cud see. They was mud to be shoveled an' dhrays to be dhruv an' beats to be walked. I choose th' dhray; f'r I was niver cut out f'r a copper, an' I'd had me fill iv excavatin'. An' I dhruv th' dhray till I wint into business.

"Me experyence with goold minin' is it's always in th' nex' county. If I was to go

to Alaska, they'd tell me iv th' finds in Seeberya. So I'll think I'll stay here. I'm a silver man, annyhow; an' I'm contint if I can see goold wanst a year, whin some prominent citizen smiles over his newspaper. I'm thinkin' that ivry man has a goold mine undher his own durestep or in his neighbor's pocket at th' farthest."

"Well, annyhow," said Mr. Hennessy, "I'd like to kick up th' sod an' find a ton iv goold undher me fut."

"What wud ye do if ye found it?" demanded Mr. Dooley.

"I—I dinnaw," said Mr. Hennessy, whose dreaming had not gone this far. Then, recovering himself, he exclaimed with great enthusiasm, "I'd throw up me job an'—an' live like a prince."

"I tell ye what ye'd do," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'd come back here an' sthrut up an' down th' sthreet with ye'er thumbs in ye'er armpits; an' ye'd dhrink too much, an' ride in sthreet ca-ars. Thin ye'd buy foldin' beds an' piannies, an' start a reel estate office. Ye'd be fooled a good deal an' lose a lot iv ye'er money, an' thin ye'd tighten up. Ye'd be in a cold fear night an' day that ye'd lose ye'er fortune. Ye'd wake up in th' middle iv th' night, dhreamin' that ye was back at th' gas-house, with ye'er money gone. Ye'd be prisident iv a charitable society. Ye'd have to wear ye'er shoes in th' house, an' ye'er wife'd have ye around to rayciptions an' dances Ye'd move to Mitchigan

Avnoo, an' ye'd hire a coachman that'd laugh at ye. Ye'er boys'd be joods an' ashamed iv ye, an' ye'd support ye'er daughters' husbands. Ye'd rackrint ye'er tinants an' lie about ye'er taxes. Ye'd go back to Ireland an' put on airs with ye'er cousin Mike. Ye'd be a mane, onscrupulous ol' curmudgeon; an', whin ye'd die, it'd take half ye'er fortune f'r rayqueems to put ye r-right. I don't want ye iver to speak to me whin ye git rich, Hinnissy."

"I won't," said Mr. Hennessy.

EVE'S DAUGHTER

I WAITED in the little sunny room:
The cool breeze waved the window-lace at play,
The white rose on the porch was all in bloom,
And out upon the bay
I watched the wheeling sea-birds go and come.
"Such an old friend—she would not make me stay
While she bound up her hair." I turned and lo,
Danaë in her shower! and fit to slay
All a man's hoarded prudence at a blow:
Gold hair, that streamed away,
As round some nymph in sunlit fountain's flow.
"She would not make me wait!"—but well I know
She took a good half hour to loose and lay
Those locks in dazzling disarrangement so

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE

We've lived for forty years, dear wife
And walked together side by side,
And you to-day are just as dear
As when you were my bride.
I've tried to make life glad for you,
One long, sweet honeymoon of joy,
A dream of marital content,
Without the least alloy.
I've smoothed all boulders from our path,
That we in peace might toil along,
By always hastening to admit
That I was right and you were wrong.

No mad diversity of creed
Has ever sundered me from thee;
For I permit you evermore
To borrow your ideas of me,
And thus it is, through weal or woe,
Our love forevermore endures;
For I permit that you should take
My views and creeds, and make them yours
And thus I let you have my way,
And thus in peace we toil along,
For I am willing to admit
That I am right and you are wrong

And when our matrimonial skiff
  Strikes snags in love's meandering stream,
I lift our shallop from the rocks,
  And float as in a placid dream.
And well I know our marriage bliss
  While life shall last will never cease;
For I shall always let thee do,
  In generous love, just what I please.
Peace comes, and discord flies away,
  Love's bright day follows hatred's night;
For I am ready to admit
  That you are wrong and I am right.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

As good an instance of surgical wit as can be found is still told about the staff of the Roosevelt Hospital. A dangerous operation was being performed upon a woman. Old Doctor A——, a quaint German, full of kindly wit and professional enthusiasm, had several younger doctors with him. One of them was administering the ether. He became so interested in the old doctor's work that he withdrew the cone from the patient's nostrils, and she half roused and rose to a sitting posture, looking with wild-eyed amazement over the surroundings. It was a critical period, and Doctor A—— did not want to be interrupted. "Lay down, dere, voman," he commanded gruffly. "You haf more curiosity as a medical student." She lay down, and the operation went on.

E. W. TOWNSEND

CHIMMIE FADDEN MAKES FRIENDS

"Say, I'm a dead easy winner to-day. See? It's a fiver, sure 'nough. Say, I could give Jay Gould weight fer age an' lose 'im in a walk as a winner. See? How'd I collar it? Square See? Dead square, an' easy. Want it fer a story? Why, sure.

"Say, you know me. When I useter sell poipers, wasn't I a scrapper? Dat's right, ain't it? Was dere a kid on Park Row I didn't do? Sure. Well, say, dis mornin' I seed a loidy I know crossin' de Bow'ry. See? Say, she's a torrowbred, an' dat goes. Say, do you know wot I've seed her done? I've seed her feedin' dem kids wot gets free turk on Christmas by dose East Side missioners. She's one of dem loidies wot comes down here an' fixes up old women and kids coz dey likes it. Dat's right.

"Well, say, I was kinder lookin' at 'er when I sees a mug wid a dyed mustache kinder jolt ag'in 'er, an' he raises his dicer an' grins. See? Say, dat sets me crazy. Lemme tell ye. Remember when der truck run over me toes? Well I couldn't sell no poipers nor nutting den. See? Say, she was de loidy wot comes

ter me room wid grub an' reads ter me. Dat's wot she done.

"Well, I runs up to her dis mornin', an' I says; 'Scuse me, loidy, but shall I tump der mug?'

"She was kinder white in de gills, but dere was fight in her eye. Say, when yer scrap yer watches de odder felly's eye, don't ye? Yer kin always see fight in de eye. Dat's right. Well, say, dere was fight in her eye. When I speaks to her she kinder smiles an' says, 'Oh, dat's you, is it, Chimmie?'

"Say, she remembered me name. Well, she says: 'If you'll tump de mug'—no, dat wasn't wot she says—'If you'll thrash de cur I'll give yer somethin',' an' she pulled out her wad an' flashed up a fiver. Den she says somethin' about it not being Christian, but de example would be good. I don't know what she meaned, but dat's straight. See? Wot she says goes, wedder I'm on or not.

"'Can you trash 'im, Chimmie?' she says.

"'Can I?' I says. 'I'll put a new face on 'im.'

"Den I went fer 'im. Say, I jolted 'im in de belly so suddent he was paralyzed. See? Den I give 'im de heel, an' over he went in de mud, an' me on top of 'im. Say, you should have seed us! Well, I'd had his odder ear off if de cop hadn't snatched me.

"Say, he ran me in, but it wasn't ten minutes before she come dere and squared me. See?

When she got me outside she was kinder laffin' an' cryin', but she give me de fiver an' says, 'I hope de Lord'll forgive me, Chimmie, for leadin' yer into temptation, but yer done 'im brown.'

"'Dat's right; dem's 'er very words. No, not 'done 'im brown'; dat's wot dey meaned—say, 'trashed 'im well.' Dat's right. 'Trashed 'im well,' was her very words. See?'"

. . . . . .

"Say, I knowed ye'd be paralyzed wen ye seed me in dis harness. It's up in G. ain't it? Dat's right. Say—remember me tellin' ye 'bout de mug I t'umped fer de loidy on de Bowery? de loidy what give me de five and squared me wid der perlice? Dat's right. Well, say, she is a torrowbred, an' dat goes. See? Dat evenin' wot d'ye tink she done? She brought 'is Whiskers ter see me.

"Naw, I ain't stringin' ye. 'Is Whiskers is de loidy's fadder. Sure.

"'E comes ter me room wid der loidy, 'is Whiskers does, an' he says, says 'e. 'Is dis Chimmie Fadden?' says 'e.

"'Yer dead on,' says I.

"'Wot t'ell?' 'e says, turning to 'is daughter. 'Wot does de young man say?' 'e says.

"Den de loidy she kinder smiled—say, yer otter seed 'er smile. Say, it's outter sight Dat's right. Well, she says: 'I tink I understan' Chimmie's langwudge,' she says. ''E means 'e is de kid yuse lookin' fer. 'E's der very mug.'

"Dat's wot she says; somet'in like dat, only a felly can't just remember 'er langwudge.

"Den 'is Whiskers gives me a song an' dance 'bout me bein' a brave young man fer t'umpin' der mug wot insulted 'is daughter, an' 'bout 'is heart bein' all broke dat 'is daughter should be doin' missioner work in der slums.

"I says, 'Wot t'ell;' but der loidy, she says, 'Chimmie,' says she,'me fadder needs a footman,' she says, 'an' I taut you'd be de very mug fer der job.' says she. See?

"Say, I was all broke up, an' couldn't say nottin', fer 'is Whiskers was so solemn. See?

"'Wot's yer lay now?' says 'is Whiskers, or somet'in like dat.

"Say, I could 'ave give 'im a string 'bout me bein' a hard-workin' boy, but I knowed her loidy was dead on ter me, so I only says, says I, 'Wot t'ell?' says I, like dat, 'Wot t'ell?' See?

"Den 'is Whiskers was kinder parylized like, an' 'e turns to 'is daughter an' 'e says, dese is 'is very words, 'e says:

"'Really, Fannie,' 'e says, 'really, Fannie, you must interpret dis young man's langwudge.'

"Den she laffs an' says, says she:

"'Chimmie is a good boy if 'e only had a chance,' she says.

"Den 'is Whiskers 'e says, 'I dare say,' like dat. See? 'I dare say,' See? Say, did ye ever 'ear words like dem? Say, I was fer tellin' 'is Whiskers ter git t'ell outter dat, only fer der loidy. See?

"Well, den we all give each odder a song an' dance, an' de end was I was took fer a footman. See? Tiger, ye say? Naw, dey don't call me no tiger.

"Say, wouldn't de gang on der Bow'ry be parylized if dey seed me in dis harness? Ain't it great? Sure! Wot am I doin'? Well, I'm doin' pretty well. I had ter t'ump a felly dey calls de butler de first night I was dere for callin' me a heathen. See? Say, dere's a kid in der house wot opens der front door wen youse ring de bell, an' I win all 'is boodle de second night I was dere showin' 'im how ter play Crusoe. Say, it's a dead easy game, but der loidy she axed me not to bunco de farmers—dey's all farmers up in dat house, dead farmers—so I leaves 'em alone. 'Scuse me now, dat's me loidy comin' outer der shop. I opens de door of de carriage an' she says 'Home, Chames. Den I jumps on de box an' strings de driver. Say, 'e's a farmer, too. I'll tell you some more 'bout de game next time. So long."

CHIMMIE MEETS THE DUCHESS

"Say, me name's Dennis, an' not Chimmie Fadden, if dem folks up dere ain't got boodle ter burn a wet dog wid. Sure. Boodle ter burn a wet dog wid. I'm tellin' yer, and dat's right See?

"Say, dey makes it dere ownselves. Naw, I ain't stringin' yer. It's right. How? Listen:

Miss Fannie, she sent fer me, an' she was writin', she was, in a little book, an' when she writ a page she teared it out an' pinned it on a bill.

"'Here, Chames,' she says ter me, she says. 'Here, Chames, take dese bills an' pay dem,' she says.

"'Wot t'ell will I pay dem wid, Miss Fannie,' I says. Like dat, 'Wot t'ell will I pay dem wid?' I say. See?

"Say, wot der yer tink she says? She says, says she, 'Pay dem wid de checks, Chames,' she says. See? 'Dere's a check pinned on every bill,' she says.

"Say, I taut she was stringin' me; but I tinks ter meself, if she wants ter string me, it goes. See? Wot Miss Fannie does goes, wedder it makes me look like a farmer or not. Dat's right.

"Well, I taut I'd get a roast when I'd try ter pass off dose tings she writ out fer boodle. See Wot do yer tink? Why, every one 'er dose mugs—dere was a candy store, an' dere was a flower store, an' dere was a store where dey sells womin's hats, an', holy gee dere was all kind er stores—all dose mugs, I'm tellin' ye, dey just takes off der hats when I shoved de boodle Miss Fannie made at 'em. Dat's right. Dat boodle was as good as nickels. Sure.

"Well, I was clean parylized, an' when I gits home an' was goin' ter Miss Fannie wid de bills I meets a mug in de hall dey calls de walley. Say, all dat mug does 'fer is wages is ter take care of

'is Whisker's whiskers. Sure. 'E 'is is Whiskers's walley. When 'is Whiskers wants a clean shirt, dat walley gits it for 'im, and tings like dat.

"I wouldn't mind dat snap meself, only 'is Whiskers is a reg'lar scrapper an' can do me.

"Well, I was tellin' yer 'bout meetin' de walley in de hall. I told 'im dat Miss Fannie could make boodle outter paper, just like de President er der United States.

"Say, wot de yer tink dat mug done? 'E gives me de laugh. See? Gives me de laugh, an' says I'm a ig'rant wagabone.

"'Wot t'ell!' I says ter 'im. 'I may be a wagabone,' I says, 'but I'm not ig'rant,' I says, like dat. 'Wot t'ell.' See?

"'Miss Fannie can't make boodle,' says 'e, 'no more nor I kin,' 'e says. 'Dem's checks.'

"Say, I was kinder layin fer dat dude, anyhow, 'cause 'e is allus roastin' me. So w'en 'e says dat, I gives 'im a jolt in de jaw. See? Say, 'e squared 'isself in pretty good shape, an' I taut I had a good scrap on me hands, when in comes Miss Fannie's maid.

"Say, she's a doisy. Yer otter see 'er. I'm dead stuck on 'er. She's French, an' talks a forn langwudge mostly.

"When she showed up in de hall I drops me hands, an' de odder mug 'e drops 'is hands, an' I giver 'er a wink an' says:

"'Ah, dere, Duchess!' like dat. See? 'Ah dere, Duchess!"

"Den I chases meself over ter 'er and trows me arms 'roun 'er an' gives 'er a kiss.

"Say, yer otter seed dat walley. I taut I'd die! Holy gee, 'e was crazy! 'E flies out ter de hall, but I didn't know den wot 'is game was. I soon tumbled, dough.

"Well, as I was a-tellin' ye, I gives de Duchess a kiss, an' she says 'Vat on,' like dat. Dat's 'er forn langwudge. 'Vat on.' See?

"How de yer say it is? 'Va-t-en'? Is it 'Get out'?

"Holy gee! Is dat so?

"Well, seein' as how I wasn't onto 'er langwudge, den, I gives 'er anodder kiss.

"Dat's right, ain't it? When a felly meets a Duchess 'e's stuck on, it's right ter give 'er a kiss, ain't it? Sure.

"Well, she runs a big bluff of pretendin' not ter like it, an' says 'Lace moy' and 'Finney say,'

"How de yer say it is? 'Finissez?' Naw, dat ain't right. 'Finney say,' she says, says she, but 'er langwudge bein' forn I wasn't dead on all de time, an' so I says nothin' but just kept busy.

"Say, I was pretty busy when in tru de door comes Miss Fannie and dat mug, de walley, an' catched me. Dat's wot dat mug went out fer, ter give me snap away ter Miss Fannie.

"Say, but Miss Fannie was red! An' pretty! She was just pretty up ter de limit, I'm tellin' ye. Up ter de limit. See?

"She gives me a look, an' I was parylized See?

"But, holy gee! Ye otter seed de Duchess She was as cool an' smooth as ever yer seed anybody in yer life. I taut she'd be parylized, but—say, womin is queer folks, anyhow, an' ye never know what t'ell dey'll do 'till dey do it. Sure.

"Miss Fannie, she began talkin' dat forn langwudge ter de Duchess, but de Duchess she humped 'er shoulders an' she humped 'er eyebrows an' looked as surprised as if she'd put on her shoe wid a mouse in it.

"Den de Duchess she says, says she, talkin' English, but kinder dago like—de kind er dago dat French folks talk when dey talks English See? She says, says she:

"'Meester Cheemes 'e don't do nottin',' she says, like dat, See?

"Say, wasn't dat great? Are you on? See? Why yuse, must be a farmer. I was dead on ter onct. Say, de Duchess talked English ter tip me, see? She didn't want ter give de game away.

"Miss Fannie, she was dead on, too, fer she got redder, an' looked just like a actress on top er de stage, sure. She told de Duchess ter talk dat forn langwudge, I guess, fer dey jawed away like a ambulance gong, an' I was near crazy, fer I taut I was gettin' de gran' roast an' I couldn't understan' dere talk, see?

"'Bout de time I taut I'd drop dead fer not knowin' wot t'ell dey was sayin', Miss Fannie she turns ter me an' says, says she:

"'Chames,' she says, 'wot was ver doin' of?' she says.

"'Nottin',' I says; 'nottin' 'tall, Miss Fannie says I, 'only askin' de Duchess where t'ell yer was,' I say, 'so I could give yer de bills wot I paid wid de boodle,' I says.

"Then Miss Fannie she taut er while, an' she says suddent, says she: 'Wot did she say when yer ast 'er where I was?' she says.

"Say, dere was where I was a farmer, a dead farmer. 'Stid of chippin' in wid a song and dance 'bout something or nodder, I was so stuck on me langwudge dat I said dose words de Duchess spoke, wot I was tellin' ye of: 'Vat on,' an' 'Lace moy,' an' 'Finney says.'

"Say, wot t'ell do dem words mean, anyhow?

"Holy gee! is dat so?—'Get out,' an' 'Let me be,' and 'Stop.'

"Say, holy gee, I was a farmer, an' dat's right.

"Well, when I said dem four words Miss Fannie she bit her lips, an' twisted her mouth like she'd die if she didn't laugh. But de Duchess, she gives me one look like she'd like ter do me an' chased 'erself outter der hall. An' me stuck on 'er, too!

"Say, womin is queer folks, anyhow; an' when yer stuck on yerself de most dat's when dey trows yer down de hardest. See?

"Say, fallin' in love has taut dis mug one ting, dead. I don't go monkeyin' wid no forn langwudge no more. Sure. Straight English is 'bout me size. See?

INFIRM

"I WILL not go," he said, "for well
I know her eyes' insidious spell,
And how unspeakably he feels
Who takes no pleasure in his meals.
I know a one-idea'd man
Should undergo the social ban,
And if she once my purpose melts
I know I'll think of nothing else.

"I care not though her teeth are pearls—
The town is full of nicer girls!
I care not though her lips are red—
It does not do to lose one's head!
I'll give her leisure to discover,
For once, how little I think of her;
And then, how will she feel?" cried he—
And took his hat and went to see.

E. S. MARTIN.

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Frank R. Stockton was once invited to dinner in Washington by an artful hostess, who had the ices served in the form of a lady and a tiger.

"Now which?" she cooly asked, when they came on.

"Both, if you please," he replied, and the problem is still unsolved.

A MEMORY

How dear to this heart are the old-fashioned
dresses,
When fond recollection presents them to
view!
In fancy I see the old wardrobes and presses
Which held the loved gowns that in girlhood
I knew.
The widespreading mohair, the silk that hung
by it;
The straw-colored satin with trimmings of
brown;
The ruffled foulard, the pink organdy nigh it;
But, oh! for the pocket that hung in each
gown!
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete
pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in each
gown.

That dear, roomy pocket I'd hail as a treasure,
Could I but behold it in gowns of to-day;
I'd find it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
But all my modistes sternly answer me
"Nay!"
'Twould be so convenient when going out
shopping.
'Twould hold my small purchases coming
from town;

And always my purse or my kerchief I'm
dropping—
Oh, me! for the pocket that hung in my gown.
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete
pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my
gown.

A gown with a pocket! How fondly I'd guard
it!
Each day ere I'd don it I'd brush it with care;
Not a full Paris costume could make me discard
it,
Though trimmed with the laces an Empress
might wear.
But I have no hope, for the fashion is banished;
The tear of regret will my fond visions drown;
As fancy reverts to the days that have vanished
I sigh for the pocket that hung in my gown.
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete
pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my
gown.

CAROLYN WELLS.

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THE JIM-JAM KING OF THE JOU-JOUS

AN ARABIAN LEGEND

(Translated from the Arabic)

FAR off in the waste of desert sand,
The Jim-jam rules in the Jou-jou land:
He sits on a throne of red-hot rocks,
And moccasin snakes are his curling locks;
And the Jou-jous have the conniption fits
In the far-off land where the Jim-jam sits—
If things are nowadays as things were then.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

The country's so dry in Jou-jou land
You could wet it down with Sahara sand,
And over its boundaries the air
Is hotter than 'tis—no matter where.
A camel drops down completely tanned
When he crosses the line into Jou-jou land—
If things are nowadays as things were then.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

A traveler once got stuck in the sand
On the fiery edge of Jou-jou land;
The Jou-jous they confiscated him,
And the Jim-jam tore him limb from limb;

But, dying, he said: "If eaten I am,
I'll disagree with this dam-jim-jam!
He'll think his stomach's a Hoodoo's den!'
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

Then the Jim-jam felt so bad inside,
It just about humbled his royal pride.
He decided to physic himself with sand,
And throw up his job in the Jou-jou land.
He descended his throne of red-hot rocks,
And hired a barber to cut his locks:
The barber died of the got-'em-again.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

And now let every good Mussulman
Get all the good from this tale he can.
If you wander off on a Jamboree,
Across the stretch of the desert sea,
Look out that right at the height of your booze,
You don't get caught by the Jou-jou-jous!
You may, for the Jim-jam's at it again.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

ALARIC BERTRAND START.

At a recent dinner in New York city a prominent Southern woman present remarked, in the course of a conversation touching upon the famous statesman, that it "was almost wicked in Charles Sumner to have married. He was so deeply in love with himself," she continued, "that his marriage was little short of bigamy."

OLIVER HERFORD

THE END OF THE WORLD

On the 31st of December, XXXX, two figures were slowly approaching the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates—a man and a woman, last of the human race—Mr. and Mrs. Fin. Mrs. Fin was becomingly gowned in a moire antique bell-skirt, with sun-plaits festooned with Venetian point-lace caught in with a girdle of cats'-eyes, a loose blouse waist elaborately trimmed with appliqué, bouffant sleeves, V-shaped corsage, Elizabethan collar, and broad-brimmed Gainsboro' hat with black ostrich plumes. Mr. Fin appeared in a frock-coat, double-breasted corduroy waistcoat, diagonal trousers, and patent leather shoes, and with a beaver hat.

It was midnight. As the couple approached the confluence, a gigantic vessel steamed slowly up the stream and cast anchor at the mouth of the Y. A small gangplank was lowered, and in less time than it takes to typewrite, a procession of assorted animals made their way down to the shore, two by two, much to Mr. and Mrs. Fin's surprise, grief and mortification, proceeded, with many apologies and with singular *naïveté*, to divest them of their respective wardrobes.

An elephant helped himself first to Mr. Fin's

ivory-headed cane. An ostrich calmly but firmly appropriated Mrs. Fin's feathers. A beaver reluctantly deprived the unfortunate gentleman of his hat, while a nimble tortoise deftly picked the haircombs and pins from his wife's head. Mr. Fin, stunned with amazement, made no resistance while a few sheep robbed him of his outer garments; but Mrs. Fin began to be a little shocked when two industrious silkworms began to ravel and wind up her bell-skirt, and a large Mo removed his mohair from the lining. The situation now became somewhat tense, and when a huge but conscientious whale appeared and carefully abstracted the bones from the lady's stays her embarrassment was almost painful. We must now hurry a little with our narrative. Suffice it to say that two business like camels approached and absent-mindedly devoured the Jaeger suits in which Mr. and Mrs. Fin had both always been firm believers. Things had now gone so far that the couple cheerfully resigned themselves to the inevitable, as an absently enthusiastic alligator escorted a pair of patent kids to the scene of the divestivities and gaily claimed possession of the shoes. It now only remained for a dozen excited oysters, shouting their college yell, to rush down the gangplank and dexterously abstract the pearl earrings from Mrs. Fin's ears, and the necklace which was her only remaining ornament.

There was an awkward pause. When at length the pair recovered sufficiently to speak of the weather, which, as Mr. Fin remarked, had not moderated, the animals had disappeared. The couple, resuming their stroll, at length found themselves at the lodge gates of what seemed to be a large park, or garden. They entered, and, almost fainting with mortification and hunger, made their way hurriedly toward an orchard which was visible in the distance. All the fruit they could find, however, was a windfall russet apple, upon which they fell forthwith. Much to their disgust, it was found to have been bitten, and, making a tiny *moué*, the fastidious Mrs. Fin presented it to her spouse, who, with a shrug, refused the fruit and replaced it upon the tree.

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SIMEON FORD

BOYHOOD IN A NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

I WAS raised in the State of Connecticut, but it was no fault of mine. My parents, before I reached the age of consent, experienced one of those sudden reverses of fortune which have always been so popular in my family, and we left our beautiful New York home, replete as it was with every luxury, including a large and variegated assortment of chattel mortgages, and moved up into Windham County, right in the center of the pie-belt and quite near the jumping-off place. It was a lovely, beautiful, quiet, peaceful, restful, healthful, desirable, bucolic hamlet, three miles from the cars and far, far from the madding throng, and where a man could use his knife for the purpose of transferring nourishment to his mouth without attracting undue attention. When I say it was quiet I but feebly describe it, but when I say it was healthful I am well within the mark. If a man died in that village under eighty years of age, they hung white crape on the doorbell and carved a little lamb on his tombstone. I left there twenty-five years ago to seek my fortune—which I'm still seeking—but the old people who were old then don't seem any older now. Last summer, when I went up with my

children, I noticed that the same old people were about as lively as ever, and the same old pink popcorn balls and jack-knives were still in the show-case of the store, which I used to think I'd buy when I got rich, but no longer seem to crave.

We boarded at the village hotel, and the experience I gained there has been of incalculable advantage to me in later years. Whenever a knotty question of hotel ethics presents itself to me, I try and decide what my old landlord would have done and then I do just the opposite.

And yet he had some good practical ideas which I should like to adopt in my hotel. For instance, he expected his guests to saw and split their own firewood in winter, generously supplying the cord-wood, however, and the ax as well, and also the saw. If I remember aright, we were expected to supply the pork wherewith to grease the saw, but he furnished the saw. My room was in the third story, and its ceiling slanted down rapidly, so that sometimes in the night, when aroused by a rat bounding joyously around on the quilt, I would sit up suddenly and embed portions of my intellect in the rafters. In the midst of the room was a sheet-iron stove of forbidding aspect, which stood like a light-house sequestered in the midst of a great Arctic Sea of zinc. It had great powers as a fuel-consumer, the peculiar quality so characteristic of country stoves, to wit: the more fire you had in the stove the colder the room seemed to

become. I made a scientific examination of that stove, and conclusively demonstrated that of the heat generated thereby, 125 per cent. went up the flue, and the balance went into the formation of rheumatism, goose flesh and chilblains.

Being, naturally, of a somewhat shiftless nature, I very rarely laid in a stock of wood at night, and in consequence I frequently had to go down early of a winter morning and dally with that woodpile. There are a good many cold things in this world—cold hands, cold feet, cold bottles, marble hearts and frozen faces—but of all cold things in this world, the coldest is an ax-helve which has reposed all of a winter's night on a Connecticut woodpile.

There was another feature of this little hotel which commended itself to me. The food was good, plentiful and nutritious, and it was all put on the table at once. The boarders were privileged to reach out and spear such viands as attracted their fancy, and transfer the same to their plates without loss of time. Compared with this Jeffersonian simplicity of service the average banquet seems cumbrous and ornate. Yet one thing is certain; things seemed to taste better in those days. Why, I can remember the thrill of ecstasy which vibrated through my Gothic system when the sound of the dinner-bell fell upon my strained and listening ear. With what mad haste I dashed up to the good old colonial wash-stand that stood near

the door, dipped out a tin basinful of water, scooped up a handful of soft-soap out of the half-cocoanut, and proceeded to remove my disguise. And then the towel! Ah, me, the towel! It was a red-letter day in the history of that hotel when we got a clean towel. And then the comb and brush! Perhaps I ought to draw the veil of charity over the comb and brush; and yet I used them just as generations had done before me and generations then unborn are doing yet. And when at last, with the mysteries of the toilet completed, with shining face and slicked hair, I would descend upon the dining-room and proceed to devastate the eatables—shades of Lucullus, Harvey Parker and Delmonico, how I did relish my victuals in those days.

An amusing accident once occurred at a time when an American vessel was lying at Naples. On being visited by the King and his suite, one of the latter, with cocked hat, mustache, sword, etc., was exploring the ship and mistook the main hatch wind-sail for a mast, and leaned against it. The officer of the deck was promptly advised of the accident by the boatswain' mate, who said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I think one of them 'ere kings has fell down the main hatch, sir."

EUGENE FIELD

THE CYCLOPEEDY

Havin' lived next door to the Hobart place f'r goin' on thirty years, I calc'let that I know jest about ez much about the case ez anybody else now on airth, exceptin' perhaps it's ol' Jedge Baker, and he's plaguey so old 'nd so powerful feeble that *he* don't know nothin'.

It seems that in the spring uv '97—the year that Cy Watson's oldest boy wuz drownded in West River—there come along a book agent sellin' volyumes, 'nd tracks f'r the diffusion uv knowledge, 'nd havin' got the recommend of the minister 'nd the select men, he done an all-fired big business in our part uv the county. His name wuz Lemuel Higgins, 'nd he wuz ez likely a talker ez I ever heerd, barrin' Lawyer Conkey, 'nd everybody allowed that when Conkey wuz round he talked so fast that the town pump ud have to be greased every twenty minutes.

One of the first of our folks that this Lemuel Higgins struck wuz Leander Hobart. Leander had jest married one uv the Peasley girls, 'nd had moved into the old homestead on the Plainville road—old Deacon Hobart havin' give up the place to him, the other boys havin' moved out

West (like a lot o' darned fools that they wuz!). Leander wuz feelin' his oats jest about this time, 'nd nothin' wuz too good f'r him.

"Hattie," says he, "I guess I'll have to lay in a few books f'r readin' in the winter time, 'nd I've half a notion to subscribe f'r a cyclopeedy. Mr. Higgins here says they're invalerable in a family, and that we orter have 'em, bein' as how we're likely to have the family bime by."

"Lor's sakes, Leander, how you talk!" sez Hattie, blushin' all over, ez brides allers does to heern tell sich things.

Waal, to make a long story short, Leander bargained with Mr. Higgins for a set uv them cyclopeedies, 'nd he signed his name to a long printed paper that showed how he agreeed to take a cyclopeedy oncet in so often, which wuz to be ez often as a new one uv the volyumes wuz printed. A cyclopeedy isn't printed all at oncet, because that would make it cost too much; consekently the man that gets it up has it strung along fur apart, so as to hit folks oncet every year or two, and gin'rally about harvest time. So Leander kind uv liked the idee, and he signed the printed paper 'nd made his affidavit to it afore Jedge Warner.

The fust volyume of the cyclopeedy stood on a shelf in the old seckertary in the settin'-room about four months before they had any use f'r it. One night Squire Turner's son come over to visit Leander 'nd Hattie, and they got to talkin' about apples 'nd the sort uv apples that

wuz the best. Leander allowed that the Rhode Island greenin' wuz the best, but Hattie and the Turner boy stuck up f'r the Roxbury russet, until at last a happy idee struck Leander, and sez he: "We'll leave it to the cyclopeedy, b'gosh. Whichever one the cyclopeedy sez is the best will settle it."

"But you can't find out nothin' 'bout Roxbury russets nor Rhode Island greenin's in *our* cyclopeedy," sez Hattie.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" sez Leander, kind uv indignant like.

"'Cause ours hain't got down to the R yet," sez Hattie. "All ours tells about is things beginnin' with A."

"Well, ain't we talkin' about Apples?" sez Leander. "You aggervate me terrible, Hattie, by insistin' on knowin' what you don't know nothin' about."

Leander went to the sekertary 'nd took down the cyclopeedy 'nd hunted all through it f'r Apples, but all he could find wuz "Apples —See Pomology."

"How in thunder kin I see Pomology," sez Leander, "when there ain't no Pomology to see? Gol durn a cyclopeedy, anyhow."

And he put the volyume back onto the shelf 'nd never sot eyes on it agin.

That's the way the thing run f'r years 'nd years. Leander would 've gin up the plaguey bargain, but he couldn't; he had signed a printed paper 'nd had swore to it afore a justice

of the peace. Higgins would have had the law on him if he had throwed up the trade.

The most aggervatin' feature uv it all wuz that a new one uv them cussid cyclopeedies wuz allus sure to show up at the wrong time—when Leander wuz hard up or had jest been afflicted some way or other. His barn burnt down two nights afore the volyume containin' the letter B arrived, and Leander needed all his chink to pay f'r lumber, but Higgins sot back on that affidavit and defied the life out uv him.

"Never mind, Leander," sez his wife, soothin' like, "it's a good book to have in the house, anyhow, now that we've got a baby."

"That's so," sez Leander; "babies does begin with B, don't it?"

You see their fust baby had been born; they named him Peasley—Peasley Hobart—after Hattie's folks. So, seein' as how it was payin' f'r a book that told about babies, Leander didn't begredge that five dollars so very much after all.

"Leander," sez Hattie one afternoon, "that B cyclopeedy ain't no account. There ain't nothin' in it about babies except 'See Maternity'!"

"Waal, I'll be gosh durned!" sez Leander, That wuz all he said, and he couldn't do nothin' at all, f'r that book agent, Lemuel Higgins, had the dead wood on him—the mean, sneakin' critter!

So the years passed on, one of them cyclopeedies showin' up now 'nd then—sometimes

every two years 'nd sometimes every four, but allus at a time when Leander found it pesky hard to give up a fiver. It warn't no use cussin' Higgins; Higgins just laffed when Leander allowed that the cyclopeedy wuz no good 'nd that he wuz bein' robbed. Meantime Leander's family wuz increasin' and growin'. Little Sarey had the hoopin'-cough dreadful one winter, but the cyclopeedy didn't help out at all, 'cause all it said wuz: "Hoopin'-cough—See Whoopin'-Cough"—and uv course, there warn't no Whoopin'-Cough to see, bein' as how the W hadn't come yet.

Oncet, when Hiram wanted to dreen the home pasture, he went to the cyclopeedy to find out about it, but all he diskivered wuz "Drain—See Tile." This wuz in 1859, and the cyclo peedy had only got down to G.

The cow wuz sick with lung fever one spell, and Leander laid her dyin' to that cussid cyclopeedy, 'cause when he went to readin' 'bout cows it told him to "See Zoölogy."

But what's the use uv harrowin' up one's feelin's talkin' 'nd thinkin' about these things? Leander got so after awhile that the cyclopeedy didn't worry him at all; he grew to look at it as one uv the crosses that human critters has to bear without complainin' through this vale uv tears. The only thing that bothered him wuz the fear that mebbe he wouldn't live to see the last volume—to tell the truth, this kind uv got to be his hobby, and I've heern him talk 'bout

it many a time, settin' round the stove at the tavern 'nd squirtin' tobacco juice at the sawdust box. His wife, Hattie, passed away with the yaller janders the winter W come, and all that seemed to reconcile Leander to survivin' her wuz the prospect uv seein' the last volyume uv that cyclopeedy. Lemuel Higgins, the book agent, had gone to his everlastin' punishment; but his son, Hiram, had succeeded to his father's business 'nd continued to visit the folks his old man had roped in. By this time Leander's children had growed up; all on 'em wuz marr'd, and there wuz numeris grandchildren to amuse the ol' gentleman. But Leander wuzn't to be satisfied with the common things uv airth; he didn't seem to take no pleasure in his grandchildren like most men do; his mind wuz allers sot on somethin' else—for hours 'nd hours, yes, all day long, he'd set out on the front stoop a lookin' wistfully up the road for that book agent to come along with a cyclopeedy. He didn't want to die till he'd got all th' cyclopeedies his contract called for; he wanted to have everything straightened out before he passed away.

When—oh, how well I recollect it—when Y came along he wuz so overcome that he fell over in a fit uv paralysis, 'nd the old gentleman never got over it. For the next three years he drooped 'nd pined, and seemed like he couldn't hold out much longer. Finally he had to take to his bed—he was so old 'nd feeble—but he made 'em move the bed up aginst the winder

so he could watch for that last volyume of the cyclopeedy.

The end come one balmy day in the spring uv '87. His life wuz a-ebbin' powerful fast; the minister wuz there, 'nd me, 'nd Dock Wilson, 'nd Jedge Baker, 'nd most uv the fam'ly. Lovin' hands smoothed the wrinkled forehead 'nd breshed back the long, white hair, but the eyes of the dyin' man wuz sot upon that piece uv road down which the cyclopeedy man allus come.

All at oncet a bright 'nd joyful look come into them eyes, 'nd ol' Leander riz up in bed 'nd sez, "It's come!"

"What is it, father?" asked his daughter Sarey, sobbin' like.

"Hush," sez the minister, solemnly; "he sees the shinin' gates uv the Noo Jerusalem."

"No, no," cried the aged man; "it is the cyclopeedy—the letter Z—it's comin'!"

And, sure enough! the door opened and in walked Higgins. He tottered rather than walked, f'r he had growed old 'nd feeble in his wicked perfession.

"Here's the Z cyclopeedy, Mr. Hobart," says Higgins.

Leander clutched it; he hugged it to his pantin' bosom; then stealin' one pale hand under the piller he drew out a faded bank-note and gave it to Higgins.

"I thank thee for this boon," sez Leander, rollin' his eyes up devoutly; then he gave a deep sigh.

"Hold on," cried Higgins, excitedly, "you've made a mistake—it isn't the last——"

But Leander didn't hear him—his soul hed fled from its mortal tenement 'nd had soared rejoicin' to realms uv everlastin' bliss.

"He is no more," sez Dock Wilson, metaphorically.

"Then who are his heirs?" asked that mean critter Higgins.

"We be," sez the family.

"Do you conjointly and severally acknowledge and assume the obligation of deceased to me?" he asked 'em.

"What obligation?" asked Peasley Hobart, stern like.

"Deceased died owin' me fer a cyclopeedy sez Higgins.

"That's a lie!" sez Peasley. "We all seed him pay you for the Z!"

"But there's another one to come," sez Higgins.

"Another'?' they all asked.

"Yes, the index!" sez he.

So there wuz, and I'll be eternally goll durned if he ain't a-suin' the estate in the probate court now f'r the price uv it!"

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE HAUNTING BEAUTY OF STRYCHNINE*

A Little-known Town of Unearthly Beauty

SLOWLY, reluctantly (rather like a *vers libre* poem) the quaint little train comes to a stand. Along the station platform each of the *fiacre* drivers seizes a large dinner-bell and tries to outring the others. You step from the railway carriage—and instantly the hellish din of those droschky bells faints into a dim, far-away toiling. Your eye has caught the superb sweep of the Casa Grande beetling on its crag. Over the sapphire canal where the old men are fishing for sprats, above the rugged scarp where the blue-bloused *ouvriers* are quarrying the famous champagne cheese, you see the Gothic transept of the Palazzio Ginricci, dour against a nacre sky. An involuntary tremolo eddies down your spinal marrow. The Gin Palace, you murmur. . . . At last you are in Strychnine.

Unnoted by Baedeker, unsung by poets, unrhapsodied by press agents—there lurks the little town of Strychnine in that far and untravelled corner where France, Russia, and Liberia meet

*From "Shandygaff," copyright, 1918, by Doubleday, Page and Company.

in an unedifying Zollverein. The strychnine baths have long been famous among physicians, but the usual ruddy tourist knows them not. The sorrowful ennui of a ten-hour journey on the B. V. D. *Chemise de fer* (with innumerable examinations of luggage), while it has kept out the contraband Swiss cheese which is so strictly interdicted, has also kept away the rich and garrulous tourist. But he who will endure to the end that tortuous journey among flat fields of rye and parsimony, will find himself well rewarded. The long tunnel through Mondragone ends at length, and you find yourself on the platform with the droschky bells clanging in your ears and the ineffable majesty of the Casa Grande crag soaring behind the jade canal.

The air was chill, and I buttoned my surtout tightly as I stepped into the curious seven-wheeled *sforza* lettered *Hôtel Decameron*. We rumbled *andante espressivo* over the hexagonal cobbles of the Chaussée d'Arsenic, crossed the mauve canal and bent under the hanging cliffs of the cheese quarries. I could see the fishwives carrying great trays of lampreys and lambrequins toward the fish market. It is curious what quaintly assorted impressions one receives in the first few minutes in a strange place. I remember noticing a sausage kiosk in the *markt-platz* where a man in a white coat was busily selling hot icons. They are delivered fresh every hour from the Casa Grande (the great cheese cathedral) on the cliff.

The Hôtel Decameron is named after Boccaccio,

who was once a bartender there. It stands in a commanding position on the Place Nouveau Riche overlooking the Casino and the odalisk erected by Edward VII in memory of his cure. After two weeks of the strychnine baths the merry monarch is said to have called for a corncob pipe and a plate of onions, after which he made his escape by walking over the forest track to the French frontier, although previous to this he had not walked a kilometer without a cane since John Bull won the Cowes regatta. The *haut ton* of the section in which the Hôtel Decameron finds itself can readily be seen by the fact that the campanile of the Duke of Marmalade fronts on the rue Sauterne, just across from the barroom of the Hôtel. The antiquaries say there is an underground corridor between the two.

The fascinations of a stay in Strychnine are manifold. I have a weak heart, so I did not try the baths, although I used to linger on the terrace of the Casino about sunset to hear Tinpanni's band and eat a bronze bowl of Kerosini's gooseberry fool. I spent a great deal of my time exploring the chief glory of the town, the Casa Grande, which stands on the colossal crag honeycombed underneath with the shafts and vaults of the cheese mine. There is nothing in the world more entrancing than to stand (with a vinaigrette at one's nose) on the ramp of the Casa, looking down over the ochre canal, listening to the hoarse shouts of the workmen as they toil with pick and shovel, laying bare some particularly rich lode of the pale,

citron-colored cheese which will some day make Strychnine a place of *pélérinage* for all the world. *Pay homage to the fromage* is a rough translation of the motto of the town, which is carved in old Gothic letters on the apse of the Casa itself. Limberg, Gruyère, Alkmaar, Neufchâtel, Camembert, and Hoboken—all these famous cheeses will some day pale into whey before the puissance of the Strychnine curd. I was signally honoured by an express invitation of the burgomaster to be present at a meeting of the Cheesemongers' Guild at the Rathaus. The Kurdmeister, who is elected annually by the town council, spoke most eloquently on the future of the cheese industry, and a curious rite was performed. Before the entrance of the ceremonial cheese, which is cut by the Kurdmeister himself, all those present donned oxygen masks similar to those devised by the English to combat the German poison-gas. And I learned that oxygen helmets are worn by the workmen in the quarries to prevent prostration.

It was with unfeigned regret that I found my fortnight over. I would gladly have lingered in the medieval cloisters of the Gin Palace, and sat for many mornings under the pistachio trees on the terrace sipping my *verre* of native wine. But duties recalled me to the beaten paths of travel, and once more I drove in the old-fashioned ambulance to catch my even more old-fashioned train. The B. V. D. trains only leave Strychnine when there is a stern wind, as otherwise the pungent fumes of the cheese carried in the luggage van are

very obnoxious to the passengers. Some day some American efficiency expert will visit the town and teach them to couple their luggage van on to the rear of the train. But till then Strychnine will be to me, and to every other travelier who may chance that way, a fragment memory.

And as you enter the tunnel, the last thing you see is the onyx canal and the old women fishing for lambrequins and palfreys.

THOMAS L. MASSON

MY SUBWAY GUARD FRIEND*

I have always wanted to have an intimate interview with a New York subway guard. Selecting one that I thought would answer my purpose, I arrayed myself in medieval armour, and sent up my card.

He received me very pleasantly.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," he said, throwing me across the room into a chair. "You don't know how to sit down, do you?" He stood me on my head once or twice, broke a collar bone or so and I believe a rib, and arranged me in the proper manner.

"There, that's better," he said. "Now, what can I do for you? Any little thing."

My armour, which, though not made to order fitted me fairly well when I entered, was now bent so as to occasion me some slight inconvenience. But I smiled brightly and replied:

"I came in to know how you like your life-work?"

"I was born to it," he replied, playfully putting his feet on my chest and gentle exerting a four-hundred-pound pressure until I felt the wall behind me preparing to yield. "It's a great thing to

*From "Well, Why Not?", Doubleday, Page and Company, 1921.

understand your job, to like it, and to know that you are the right man in the right place."

"Don't you find," I ventured, "that people are often rude to you?"

"That is my cross," he replied. "The work of every real artist is handicapped by the misunderstanding of the purely vulgar; but I bear with them, I bear with them."

He started to move me to the ceiling, when, thinking that I might interest him in the details of his profession, I asked:

"At a guess, about how many people can you get into an ordinary subway car?"

He smiled blithely and flicked the ashes of a superb stogie into my off eye.

"It depends entirely upon my moods," he replied. "I am very temperamental. If I am feeling in fairly good condition, and at peace with all the world, I can get in about five thousand."

"That is a goodly number," I ventured. The truth is, my mind was beginning to wander slightly and my blood pressure, I should judge, was about one thousand, and I was afraid to start anything too definite.

"I suppose," I added, as vaguely as possible "that on your off days you couldn't pack in more than two or three hundred or possibly——"

A hurt look came into his eye, and I saw his muscles begin to swell ominously.

"*Now* you are guying me," he said. Picking me up and throwing me down, he stamped on me for a few moments until my new suit was some-

thing like a sheet of steel writing paper. Then he folded me up and shot me through the door.

"Come around and see me again," he chortled, "I'm a little off to-day—not quite myself."

DON MARQUIS

CHANT ROYAL OF THE DEJECTED DIPSOMANIAC*

Some fools keep ringing the dumb waiter bell
Just as I finish killing Uncle Ned;
I wonder if they could have heard him yell?
A moment since I cursed at them and said:
"This is a pretty time to bring the ice!"
—Old Uncle Ned! Two times of late, or thrice,
I've thought of prodding him with something keen,
But always Fate has seemed to intervene;
Last night, for instance, I was in the mood,
But I was far too drunken yestere'en——
My way of life can end in nothing good!

At Mrs. Dumple's, last week, when I fell
And spoiled her dinner party I was led
Out to a cab; they saw I was not well
And took me home and tucked me into bed.
I should quit mingling hashish with my rice!
I should give over singing "Three Blind Mice"
At funerals! Why *will* I make a scene?
Why *should* I feed my cousins Paris Green?
I am increasingly misunderstood:
When I am tactless, people think 'tis spleen.
My way of life can end in nothing good.

*From "The Old Soak and Hail and Farewell," Doubleday, Page and Company, 1921.

Why *should* one cry that he is William Tell,
Then flip a pippin from his hostess' head
That none but he can see? Why *should* one dwell
Upon the failings of the newly wed
At wedding breakfasts? *Can* I not be Nice?
I am so silly and so full of vice!
Such prestidigitator tricks, I ween,
As finding false teeth in a soup tureen
Are not real humour; they are crass and crude,
And cast suspicion on the host's cuisine:
My way of life can end in nothing good.

My wife and her best friend, a social swell,
Zoo-ward I lured to see the cobras fed;—
"We can't get home," I giggled, "for the El
Is broken, Sarah—let's elope, instead!"
I spoke of all she'd have to sacrifice,
And she seemed yielding to me, once or twice,
Until my wife broke in and said: "Eugene,
Your finger nails are seldom really clean;—
I'd loose poor Sarah's hand, Eugene, I would!"
How weak and stupid I have always been!
My way of life can end in nothing good.

I drink and doze and wake and think of hell,
My eyes are blear from all the tears I shed:
I'm pitiably bald: I'm but a shell!
I sobbed to-day, "I *wish* that I were dead!"
I wish I *could* quit drugs and drink and dice.
I wish I had not talked of chicken lice
The Sunday that we entertained the Dean,

Nor shouted to his wife that paraffin
Would make her thin beard grow, nor played the food
Was pennies and her face a slot machine:
My way of life can end in nothing good.

—That bell again: A voice: "Is your name Bryce?
These goods is C. O. D. Send down the price!"
"Bryce lives," I yell, "at Number Seventeen!"
Bryce *doesn't* live there, but I feel so mean
I laugh and lie; my tone is harsh and rude.
—Uncle is gone! I'm phthisical and lean——
My way of life can end in nothing good!

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

THE COLD WAVE OF 32 B.C.*

Ad Thaliarchum
"Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum"—Horace: Book 1, Ode 9

It is cold, O Thaliarchus, and Soracte's crest is white;
There is skating on the Tiber; there is No Relief in Sight.
Tell the janitor the radiator's absolutely cold. . .
Let us crack a quart of Sabine; I've a case of four-year old.

Here's to Folly, Thaliarchus! Here is "Banzai!", "Pros't!", and "How!"
We should fret about the future! We should corrugate the brow!
Any joy is so much velvet; Age impinges soon enough.
Why resolve to can the frivol? Why decide to chop the fluff?

On the well-known Campus Martius, as the shade of night descends,
There are ladies castlewalking with their unplatonic friends;

*From "Weights and Measures," copyright, 1917, by Doubleday, Page and Company.

Many a sweetly smiling damsel—need I fill up further space?
Hurry, O my Thaliarchus, let us go to that there place.

THE BALLAD OF THE THOUGHTLESS WAITER*

I saw him lying cold and dead
Who yesterday was whole.
"Why," I inquired, "hath he expired?
And why hath fled his soul?"

"But yesterday," his comrade said,
"All health was his, and strength;
And this is why he came to die—
If I may speak at length.

"But yesternight at dinnertime
At a not unknown café,
He had a frugal meal as you
Might purchase any day.

"The check for his so simple fare
Was only eighty cents,
And a dollar bill with a right good will
Came from his opulence.

"The waiter brought him twenty cents.
'Twas only yesternight
That he softly said who now is dead
'Oh, keep it. 'At's a' right.'

*From "Something Else Again," copyright, 1920, by Doubleday, Page and Company.

"And the waiter plainly uttered 'Thanks,'
With no hint of scorn or pride;
And my comrade's heart gave a sudden start
And my comrade up and died."

Now waiters overthw art this land,
In tearooms and in dives,
Mute be your lips whatever the tips,
And save your customers' lives.

US POETS*

Wordsworth wrote some tawdry stuff;
Much of Moore I have forgotten;
Parts of Tennyson are guff;
Bits of Byron, too, are rotten.

All of Browning isn't great;
There are slipshod lines in Shelley;
Every one knows Homer's fate;
Some of Keats in vermicelli.

Sometimes Shakespeare hit the slide,
Not to mention Pope or Milton;
Some of Southey's stuff is snide.
Some of Spenser's simply Stilton.

When one has to boil the pot,
One can't always watch the kittle.
You may credit it or not——
Now and then *I* slump a little!

*From "Tobogganing on Parnassus," Doubleday, Page and Company, 1912.

GELETT BURGESS

THE LAZY ROOF

The Roof it has a Lazy Time
A-lying in the sun;
The Walls they have to Hold Him Up;
They do Not Have Much Fun!

MY FEET

My feet, they haul me Round the House,
They Hoist me up the Stairs;
I only have to Steer them and
They Ride me Everywheres.

Photo. Brown Bros.

STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE
POCKET UNIVERSITY

VOLUME IX PART II

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR

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THOMAS L. MASSON

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CHARLES B. LEWIS ("M. Quad")

THE PATENT GAS REGULATOR

I WAS thinking to-day that it was about time!" observed Mrs. Bowser, as Mr. Bowser came home the other evening with a suspicious-looking package under his arm.

"About time for what?"

"I suppose you've run across some more germ-killer, or a new kind of medicine chest, or a pocket fire-escape. How on earth you let people take you in as they do is a wonder to me!"

"Who has ever taken me in!" he hotly demanded.

"Everybody who had anything in the shape of a swindle."

"I deny it! You can't point to one single instance where I have made a poor investment! On the contrary, I have saved us hundreds of dollars per year in cold cash, not to mention sickness, suffering and doctors' bills, by the outlay of a few shillings now and then."

"What new idea is it this time?" she asked. as she resigned herself to the inevitable.

"Mrs. Bowser," he replied, after walking back and forth across the room three or four times, "if I can save one-half our gas bill just as well as not, I 'd be a chump not to do it, wouldn't I?"

"We can save it all by burning kerosene."

"Don't try to be funny, Mrs. Bowser. The gas bill is a serious thing. If I can save anywhere from thirty to forty dollars per month by the outlay of a couple of dollars at the start, common sense dictates my course. If I didn't save to offset your waste, we should soon be in the poorhouse. The gas bill for last month was something appalling."

"It was four dollars and twenty cents, I believe!"

"What you believe has nothing to do with the matter. If it wasn't seventy-five or eighty dollars, it will be this month. Mrs. Bowser, do you know the principle on which a gas-meter works?"

"No."

"Of course not; and yet you assume to criticize my actions! There is a bellows inside the meter. The bellows is arranged to force the gas through the pipes faster than it can be burned, and thereby profit the gas company. We have paid out thousands of dollars for gas we never burned, and the time has come to call a halt."

"Well?"

"I have here a patent regulator. It is attached to the inlet pipe. With this on, the pressure is decreased and no gas wasted. Any child can attach it. It is simple, compact, and nothing about it to get out of order. By the expenditure of four dollars I save hundreds."

"Well, don't blame me if it doesn't work; and I'm sure it won't."

"Because I wish to save a thousand dollars instead of giving it to the gas company you are sure it won't work. Is it any wonder, Mrs. Bowser, that so many husbands throw their dollars away and pauperize their families? You object to my scheme. Of course, you'd object. Nevertheless, the attachment will be attached, and before nine o'clock to-night the president of our gas company will hear something drop."

After dinner Mr. Bowser armed himself with a monkey-wrench, a hammer, a pair of pincers, hatchet, a saw, and other things, and disappeared in the cellar, and half an hour later came upstairs to rub his hands and chuckle and announce:

"The president of the gas company is already beginning to grow white around the mouth, Mrs. Bowser. He won't put in four weeks at the Catskills next summer on our cash. Can't you see the difference already?"

"I see no difference whatever," she replied, as she looked up at the chandelier.

"Of course not. I didn't expect you would. When a wife is determined to bankrupt her husband, she can't see anything intended to save a dollar. The regulator is regulating, however, and I feel as if a great burden had rolled off my back."

A dozen times during the evening Mr. Bowser

got up to walk about and chuckle and refer to that regulator, and he went to bed figuring that the gas company would be financially busted in six months. He hadn't got to sleep when Mrs. Bowser asked him if he didn't smell gas.

"Not a smell!" he replied, as he turned over. "The president of the gas company probably smells a rat, but there is no odor of gas here."

It was daylight next morning when a policeman rang the door bell and banged away till he got Mr. Bowser downstairs, and said:

"I 've been smelling gas around here all night. You'd better look at your meter. The odor seems to come from that open cellar window."

He went down with Mrs. Bowser to investigate. The regulator and the inlet pipe had parted company, and for eight or nine hours the gas had been steadily pouring out of the open window and sailing around the corner of the house. At the breakfast table, after the plumber and the policeman and the crowd had departed, and the house had been aired, and the cook's wages raised fifty cents a week to keep her on, Mrs. Bowser looked up and asked:

"Mr. Bowser, if you call it eight hours, how much gas will have gone out of that window?"

He pretended no tto hear, and hadn't a word to say until he stood at the door ready to go to the office. Then he turned on her with:

"You can figure it with your lawyer. You can give him the exact hour you sneaked down there and uncoupled that regulator to spite me.

and he can work it out. While you are not entitled to alimony, I am willing for the sake of our child that you should have a reasonable sum until you can learn to make straw hats or hickory shirts! Farewell, Mrs. Bowser; the worm has turned!"

But "the worm" returned home at the usual hour, and two days later, when Mrs. Bowser saw the patent gas regulator in the back yard and asked what it was, he quietly replied:

"It's probably an old beer faucet that Green heaved at those howling cats last night!"

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay —
If I should die to-night,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,
I say, if I should die to-night
And you should come to me, and there and then
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.

BEN KING

THE PRAYER OF CYRUS BROWN

"The proper way for a man to pray,"
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,
"And the only proper attitude
Is down upon his knees."

"No, I should say the way to pray,"
Said Reverend Doctor Wise,
"Is standing straight with outstretched arms
And rapt and upturned eyes."

"Oh, no; no, no," said Elder Slow,
"Such posture is too proud:
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed."

"It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,"
Said Reverend Doctor Blunt.

"Las' year I fell in Hodgkin's well
Head first," said Cyrus Brown,
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,
My head a-pinting down;

"An' I made a prayer right then an' there—
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayingest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standing on my head."

Sam Walter Foss.

GOLD

Some take their gold
In minted mold,
And some in harps hereafter,
But give me mine
In tresses fine,
And keep the change in laughter!

OLIVER HERFORD.

A teacher in a primary school recently read to her pupils "The Old Oaken Bucket." After explaining it to them very carefully, she asked them to copy the first stanza from the blackboard and try to illustrate it by drawings as the artist illustrates a story. Pretty soon one little girl handed in her book with several little dots between two lines, a circle, half a dozen dots and three buckets.

"I do not understand this, Bessie," said the teacher; "what is that circle?"

"Oh, that's the well," was the reply.

"And why do you have three buckets?"

"Oh, one is the oaken bucket, one is the iron-bound bucket, and the other is the bucket that hung in the well."

"But what are the little dots?"

"Why, those are the spots which my infancy knew."

HOLMAN F. DAY

TALE OF THE KENNEBEC MARINER

Guess I've never told you, sonny, of the strandin'
and the wreck
Of the steamboat *Ezry Johnson* that run up the
Kennebec.
That was 'fore the time of steam-cars, and the
Johnson filled the bill
On the route between Augusty and the town of
Waterville.

She was built old-fashioned model, with a bot-
tom's flat's your palm,
With a paddle-wheel behind her, druv' by on
great churnin' arm.
Couldn't say that she was speedy — sploshed
along and made a touse,
But she couldn't go much faster than a man
could tow a house.
Still, she skipped and skived tremendous, dodged
the rocks and skun the shoals,
In a way the boats of these days couldn't do
to save their souls.
Didn't draw no 'mount of water, went on top
instead of through.
This is how there come to happen what I'm
going to tell to *you*.
—Hain't no need to keep you guessing, for I
know you won't suspect

Tale of the Kennebec Mariner

How that thunderin' old *Ez Johnson* ever happened to get wrecked.

She was overdue one ev'nin', fog come down most awful thick;
'Twas about like navigating round inside a feather tick.
Proper caper was to anchor, but she seemed to run all right,
And we humped her — though 'twas resky— kep her sloshing through the night.

Things went on all right till morning, but along 'bout half-past three
Ship went dizzy, blind, and crazy — waves seemed wust I ever see.
Up she went and down she scuttered; sometimes seemed to stand on end.
Then she'd wallopse, sideways, crossways, in a way, by gosh, to send
Shivers down your spine. She'd teeter, fetch a spring, and take a bounce,
Then squat down, sir, on her haunches with a most je-roosly jounce.
Folks got up and run a-screaming, forced the wheelhouse, grabbed at me,
—Thought we'd missed Augusty landin' and had gone plum out to sea.
—Fairly shot me full of questions, but I said 'twas jest a blow.
Still, that didn't seem to soothe 'em, for there warn't no wind, you know!

Yas, sir, spite of all that churnin', warn't a whisper of a breeze
—No excuse for all that upset and those strange and dretful seas.
Couldn't spy a thing around us — every way 'twas pitchy black;
And I couldn't seem to comfort them poor critters on my back.
Couldn't give 'em information, for 'twas dark's a cellar shelf;
—Couldn't tell 'em nothing 'bout it—for I didn't know myself.
So I gripped the *Johnson's* tiller, kept the rudder riggin' taut,
Kept a-praying, chawed tobacker, give her steam, and let her swat.
Now, my friend, jest listen stiddy: when the sun come out at four
We warn't tossin' in the breakers off no stern and rock-bound shore;
But I'd missed the gol-durned river, and I swow this 'ere is true,
I had sailed eight miles 'cross country in a heavy autumn dew.
There I was clear up in Sidney, and the tossings and the rolls
Simply happened 'cause we tackled sev'ral miles of cradle knolls.
Sun come out and dried the dew up; there she was a stranded wreck,
And they soaked me eighteen dollars' cartage to the Kennebec.

F. P. DUNNE ("Mr. Dooley")

ON EXPERT TESTIMONY

"ANNYTHING new?" said Mr. Hennessy, who had been waiting patiently for Mr. Dooley to put down his newspaper.

"I've been r-readin' th' tistimony iv th' Lootgert case," said Mr. Dooley.

"What d'ye think iv it?"

"I think so," said Mr. Dooley.

"Think what?"

"How do I know?" said Mr. Dooley. "How do I know what I think? I'm no combi-nation iv chemist, doctor, osteologist, polisman, an' sausage-maker, that I can give ye an opinion right off th' bat. A man needs to be all iv thim things to detarmine annything about a murdher trile in these days. This shows how intilligent our methods is, as Hogan says. A large German man is charged with puttin' his wife away into a breakfas'-dish, an' he says he didn't do it. Th' question, thin, is, Did or did not Alphonse Lootgert stick Mrs. L. into a vat, an' rayjooce her to quick lunch? Am I right?"

"Ye ar-re," said Mr. Hennessy.

"That's simple enough. What th' Coort ought to've done was to call him up, an' say: 'Lootgert, where's ye'er good woman?' If Lootgert cudden't tell, he ought to be hanged

on gin'ral principles; f'r a man must keep his wife around th' house, an' when she isn't there it shows he's a poor provider. But, if Lootgert says, 'I don't know where me wife is,' the Coort shud say: 'Go out an' find her. If ye can't projooce her in a week, I'll fix ye.' An' let that be th' end iv it.

"But what do they do? They get Lootgert into coort an' stand him up befure a gang iv young rayporthers an' th' likes iv thim to make pitchers iv him. Thin they summon a jury composed iv poor, tired, sleepy expressmen an' tailors an' clerks. Thin they call in a profissor from a colledge. 'Profissor,' says th' lawyer f'r the State, 'I put it to ye if a wooden vat three hundherd an' sixty feet long, twenty-eight feet deep, an' sivinty-five feet wide, an' if three hundherd pounds iv caustic soda boiled, an' if the leg iv a guinea pig, an' ye said yesther-dah about bi-carbonate iv soda, an' if it washes up an' washes over, an' th' slimy, slippery stuff, an' if a false tooth or a lock iv hair or a jaw-bone or a goluf ball across th' cellar eleven feet nine inches — that is, two inches this way an' five gallons that?' 'I agree with ye intirely,' says th' profissor. 'I made lab'ratory experiments in an' ir'n basin, with bichloride iv gool, which I will call soup-stock, an' coat tar, which I will call ir'n filings. I mixed th' two over a hot fire, an' left in a cool place to harden. I thin packed it in ice, which I will call glue, an' rock-salt, which I will call fried eggs, an' ob-

tained a dark, queer solution that is a cure f'r freckles, which I will call antimony or doughnuts or annything I blamed please.'

"'But,' says th' lawyer f'r th' State, 'measurin' th' vat with gas—an' I lave it to ye whether this is not th' on'y fair test—an' supposin' that two feet acrost is akel to tin feet sideways, an' supposin' that a thick green an' hard substance, an' I daresay it wud; an' supposin' you may, takin' into account th' measuremints—twelve be eight—th' vat bein' wound with twine six inches fr'm th' handle an' a rub iv th' green, thin ar-re not human teeth often found in counthry sausage?' 'In th' winter,' says th' profissor. 'But th' sisymoid bone is sometimes seen in th' fut, sometimes worn as a watch-charm. I took two sisymoid bones, which I will call poker dice, an' shook thim together in a cylinder, which I will call Fido, poored in a can iv milk, which I will call gum arabic, took two pounds iv rough on-rats, which I rayfuse to call; but th' raysult is th' same.' Question be th' Coort: 'Different?' Answer: 'Yis.' Th' Coort: 'Th' same.' Be Misther McEwen: 'Whose bones?' Answer: 'Yis.' Be Misther Vincent: 'Will ye go to th' divvle?' Answer: 'It dissolves th' hair."

"Now what I want to know is where th' jury gets off. What has that collection iv pure-minded pathrites to larn fr'm this here polite discussion, where no wan is so crool as to ask what anny wan else means? Thank th'

Lord, whin th' case is all over, the jury'll pitch th' tistimony out iv th' window, an' consider three questions: 'Did Lootgert look as though he'd kill his wife? Did the wife look as though sho ought to be kilt? Isn't it time we wint to supper?' An', howiver they answer, they'll be right, an' it'll make little diff'rence wan way or th' other. Th' German vote is too large an' ignorant, annyhow."

A man who went away from home some time ago, to attend a convention of church people, was struck with the beauty of the little town in which the gathering was held. He had plenty of time, and while wandering about walked into the village cemetery. It was a beautiful place, and the delegate walked around among the graves. He saw a monument, one of the largest in the cemetery, and read with surprise the inscription on it:

"A LAWYER AND AN HONEST MAN"

The delegate scratched his head and looked at the monument again. He read the inscription over and over. Then he walked all around the monument and examined the grave closely. Another man in the cemetery approached and asked him:

"Have you found the grave of an old friend?"

"No," said the delegate, "but I was wondering how they came to bury those two fellows in one grave."

RUNNING A PIANO

"I was loitering around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans. "As I had nothing to do, I dropped into a concert and heard a sleek-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gages and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up, as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle 'way back in the

tender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that he was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash-pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud-bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug—went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a controlling brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of a 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people smashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead stand-still, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be one thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."

STEPHEN LEACOCK

MY FINANCIAL CAREER

WHEN I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank I am a hesitating jay. If I attempt to transact business there I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month, and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly around at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account must needs consult the manager.

I went up to a wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added solemnly "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty-six dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said. God knows I didn't doubt it.

"Yes," he said.

"Can I see you?" I asked. "Alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said; "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton's," I said, seemingly to imply that I came from a rival agency. "To tell the truth," I went on, as if I *had* been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved, but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild, or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now, and fifty dollars a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said, unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account; he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good-morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good-morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick, convulsive movement as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk. He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked, in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

"Then I want to draw a cheque."

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Some one gave me a cheque-book through a wicket, and some one else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the

bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What! Are you drawing it all out again?" he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

"Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never."

An idiot hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

The clerk prepared to pay the money.

"How will you have it?" he said.

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh." I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think, "In fifties."

He gave me a fifty-dollar bill.

"And the six?" he asked dryly.

"In sixes," I said.

He gave it me and I rushed out.

As the big doors swung behind me I caught

the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket, and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.

In a Boston suburb a priest announced that a collection would be taken up to defray the cost of coal for heating the church.

Everybody contributed but Tim ——, who gave a sly wink as the plate was presented to him, but nothing else. The priest noticed Tim's dereliction, but surmised that he might have left his money at home.

A similar contribution was levied the following Sunday. As before, every one gave except Tim, who looked sly. The priest wondered, and after service took his parishioner to task.

"Now, Tim," he said, "why didn't you give something, if it was but little?"

"Faith, I'm on to yez!" said Tim.

"Tim!"

"Yes, father."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Just that I'm on to yez; that's all."

"Tim, your words are disrespectful and require an explanation. What do you mean?"

"Oh, faith, father, a-thrying to pull the wool over me eyes, a-thrying to make us believe yez wants the money to buy coal to heat the church an' yer riverence knows it's heated by steam!"

MY ANGELINE

From *The Wizard of the Nile*

She kept her secret well, oh, yes,
  Her hideous secret well.
We together were cast, I knew not her past:
  For how was I to tell?
I married her, guileless lamb I was;
  I'd have died for her sweet sake.
How could I have known that my Angeline
  Had been a Human Snake?
Ah, we had been wed but a week or two
  When I found her quite a wreck:
Her limbs were tied in double bow-knot
  At the back of her swanlike neck.
No curse there sprang to my pallid lips,
  Nor did I reproach her then;
I calmly untied my bonny bride
  And straightened her out again.

Refrain

My Angeline! My Angeline!
Why didst disturb my mind serene?
My well-beloved circus queen,
My Human Snake, my Angeline!

At night I'd wake at the midnight hour,
  With a weird and haunted feeling,
And there she'd be, in her *robe de nuit*,
  A-walking upon the ceiling.

My Angeline

She said she was being "the human fly,"
And she'd lift me up from beneath
By a section slight of my garb of night,
Which she held in her pearly teeth.
For the sweet, sweet sake of the Human Snake
I'd have stood this conduct shady;
But she skipped in the end with an old, old friend
An eminent bearded lady.
But, oh, at night, when my slumber's light,
Regret comes o'er me stealing,
For I miss the sound of those little feet,
As they pattered along the ceiling.

Refrain

My Angeline! My Angeline!
Why didst disturb my mind serene?
My well-beloved circus queen,
My Human Snake, my Angeline!

HARRY B. SMITH.

A parson had had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a big city. He asked time for prayer and consideration. He did not feel sure of his light. A month passed. Finally some one met his youngest son on the street. "How is it, Josiah," said the neighbor; "is your father going to B——?"

"Well," answered the youngster judicially, "Paw is still prayin' for light, but most of the things is packed."

INDIFFERENCE

Bishop Potter is credited with telling the story which, more aptly than the thousands of other stories on the same subject, illustrates the abject misery and utter irresponsibility of seasickness. We hardly know why it is, but it cannot be denied that any yarn involving the horrors of *mal de mer* is seized upon with avidity by the public generally, and with particular gusto by those individuals who have themselves suffered the indescribable wretchedness of that grievous malady.

"I was coming from Liverpool upon one of the famous liners," said Bishop Potter, "and, although the sky was clear and the weather warm, a somewhat tempestuous sea had occasioned more than the usual amount of seasickness among the passengers. As I paced the deck one afternoon I noticed a lady reclining upon one of the benches, and the unearthly pallor of her face and the hopeless languidity of her manner indicated that she had reached that state of collapse which marks the limit of seasickness.

"Touched by this piteous spectacle, and approaching the poor creature, in my most compassionate tone I asked, 'Madam, can I be of any service to you?"

"She did not open her eyes, but I heard her

murmur faintly: 'Thank you, sir, but there is nothing you can do—nothing at all.'

"'At least, madam,' said I tenderly, 'permit me to bring you a glass of water.'

"She moved her head feebly and answered: 'No, I thank you—nothing at all.'

"'But your husband, madam,' said I, 'the gentleman lying there with his head in your lap—shall I not bring something to revive him?'

"The lady again moved her head feebly, and again she murmured faintly and between gasps: 'Thank you, sir, but—he—is—not—my—husband. I—don't—know—who he is!'"

NONSENSE VERSES

IMPETUOUS SAMUEL

Sam had spirits naught could check,
And to-day, at breakfast, he
Broke his baby sister's neck,
So he shan't have jam for tea!

Col. D. Streamer.

MISFORTUNES NEVER COME SINGLY

Making toast at the fireside,
Nurse fell in the grate and died;
And, what makes it ten times worse,
All the toast was burned with nurse.

Col. D. Streamer.

AUNT ELIZA

In the drinking well
(Which the plumber built her)
Aunt Eliza fell—
We must buy a filter.

Col. D. Streamer.

SUSAN

Susan poisoned her grandmother's tea;
Grandmamma died in agonee.
Susan's papa was greatly vexed,
And he said to Susan, "My dear, what next?"

Anonymous.

FIN DE SIECLE

The sorry world is sighing now;
La Grippe is at the door;
And many folks are dying now
Who never died before.

NEWTON MACKINTOSH.

TENDERHEARTEDNESS

Little Willie from his mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking, in his childish error,
It would cure his whooping-cough.
At the funeral Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs Brown:
"'Twas a chilly day for William
When the mercury went down."

There was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a Tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the Tiger

ANONYMOUS.

Little Willie, in the best of sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.
By and by the room grew chilly,
But no one liked to poke up Willie.

COL. D. STREAMER.

There was a young maid who said "Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
If I give my mind to it,
I'm sure I can do it,
You never can tell till you try."

"H" was an indigent Hen,
Who picked up a corn now and then;
She had but one leg
On which she could peg,
And behind her left ear was a wen.

BRUCE PORTER.

Cleopatra, who thought they maligned her
Resolved to reform and be kinder;
"If, when pettish," she said,
"I should knock off your head,
Won't you give me some gentle reminder?"

NEWTON MACKINTOSH.

When that Saint George hadde sleyne ye draggon
He sate him down furninst a flaggon;
And, wit ye well,
Within a spell
He had a bien plaisaunt jag on.

ANONYMOUS.

Two brothers there were of Sioux City;
Each one thought the other tioux pretty.
So each took his knife
And the other one's klife.
Now which of the toux dioux yioux pity?

LITTLE WILLIE

Little Willie hung his sister,
She was dead before we missed her.
"Willie's always up to tricks!
Ain't he cute? He's only six!"

Anonymous.

Sammy stopped a cable car
By standing on the track,
Which gave his system quite a jar—
Sam's sisters now wear black.

Bobby found some dynamite
And placed it in the range;
His ma gazed o'er the kitchen site
And thought Bob's absence strange.

The ice was thin when Frederic died,
Pa's tears fell down like rain;
"The ice-house can't be filled," he cried,
"If it don't freeze again!"

THE SUNBEAM

I dined with a friend in the East one day,
Who had no window-sashes;
A sunbeam through the window came
And burned his wife to ashes.
"John, sweep your mistress away," said he,
"And bring fresh wine for my friend and me

Anonymous.

THE MODERN HIAWATHA

He killed the noble Mudjokivis.
Of the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

ANONYMOUS

There was a young man of Cohoes,
Wore tar on the end of his nose;
When asked why he done it,
He said for the fun it
Afforded the men of Cohoes.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.

VARIA

THERE was an old man of Tarentum
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em;
  And when asked for the cost
  Of what he had lost,
Said, "I really can't tell, for I rent 'em!"

MARY AMES

PITY now poor Mary Ames,
Blinded by her brother James;
Red-hot nails in her eyes he poked—
I never saw Mary more provoked.

ANONYMOUS.

BABY AND MARY

BABY sat on the window-seat;
Mary pushed Baby into the street;
Baby's brains were dashed out in the "arey,"
And mother held up her forefinger at Mary.

ANONYMOUS.

IN THE NIGHT

THE night was growing old
  As she trudged through snow and sleet;
Her nose was long and cold,
  And her shoes were full of feet.

ANONYMOUS.

PARENTAL SOLICITUDE

ALGERNON JONES ate Paris Green,
And died all over the carpet clean.
The loss of the rug piqued Algie's father,
Who remarked, "He always was a bother."

Ermintude Hopkins broke her spine,
And passed away at half-past nine.
Her mother was sorry, and said "What a pity!
I'm already late for my train to the city."
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE PURPLE COW

I NEVER saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.
GELETT BURGESS.

THE WALLOPING WINDOW-BLIND

A CAPITAL ship for an ocean trip
Was the "Walloping Window-blind"—
No gale that blew dismayed her crew
Or troubled the captain's mind.
The man at the wheel was taught to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow,
And it often appeared, when the weather had cleared,
That he'd been in his bunk below.

The boatswain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too;
And he played hop-scotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain tickled the crew.
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after rail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots,
In the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat in a commodore's hat
And dined in a royal way
On toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gummery bread each day.
But the cook was Dutch and behaved as such:
For the food that he gave the crew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns
Chopped up with sugar and glue.

And we all felt ill as mariners will,
On a diet that's cheap and rude
And we shivered and shook as we dipped the cook
In a tub of his gluesome food.
Then nautical pride we laid aside,
And we cast the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpooh smiles,
And the Anagazanders roar.

Composed of sand was that favored land,
And trimmed with cinnamon straws;
And pink and blue was the pleasing hue
Of the Tickletoeteaser's claws.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee;
And the Binnacle-bats wore water-proof hats
As they danced in the sounding sea.

On the rubagub bark, from dawn to dark,
We fed, till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk — when a Chinese junk
Came by from the torriby zone.
She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care,
And we cheerily put to sea;
And we left the crew of the junk to chew
The bark of the rubagub tree.

CHARLES E. CARRYL.

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OLIVER HERFORD

CHILD'S NATURAL HISTORY

GEESE

Ev-er-y child who has the use
Of his sen-ses knows a goose.
See them un-der-neath the tree
Gath-er round the goose-girl's knee,
While she reads them by the hour
From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er.
How pa-tient-ly the geese at-tend!
But do they re-al-ly com-pre-hend
What Scho-pen-hau-er's driving at?
Oh, not at all; but what of that?
Nei-ther do I; nei-ther does she;
And, for that matter, nor does he.

A SEAL

See, children, the Furbearing Seal;
Ob-serve his mis-di-rect-ed zeal;
He dines with most ab-ste-mi-ous care
On Fish, Ice Water and Fresh Air,
A-void-ing cond-i-ments or spice,
For fear his fur should not be nice
And fine and soft and smooth and meet
For Broad-way or for Re-gent Street.

And yet some-how I often feel
(Though for the kind Fur-bear-ing Seal
I harbor a Re-spect Pro-found)
He runs Fur-bear-ance in the ground.

THE ANT

My child, ob-serve the use-ful Ant,
How hard she works each day.
She works as hard as ad-a-mant
(That's very hard, they say).
She has no time to gall-i-vant;
She has no time to play.
Let Fido chase his tail all day;
Let Kitty play at tag;
She has no time to throw away,
She has no tail to wag;
She scurries round from morn till night:
She nev-er, nev-er sleeps;
She seiz-es ev-ery-thing in sight,
She drags it home with all her might
And all she takes she keeps.

THE YAK

This is the Yak, so negligée;
His coif-fure's like a stack of hay:
He lives so far from Any-where,
I fear the Yak neglects his hair.
And thinks, since there is none to see,
What matter how un-kempt he be:
How would he feel if he but knew
That in this Picture-book I drew

His Phys-i-og-no-my un-shorn,
For children to de-ride and scorn?

THE HEN

Alas! my Child, where is the Pen
That can do justice to the Hen?
Like Royalty, She goes her way,
Laying foundations every day,
Though not for Public Buildings, yet
For Custard, Cake, and Omelette.
Or if too Old for such a use
They have their Fling at some Abuse,
As when to Censure Plays Unfit
Upon the Stage they make a Hit,
Or at elections Seal the Fate
Of an Obnoxious Candidate.
No wonder, Child, we prize the Hen,
Whose Egg is Mightier than the Pen.

THE COW

The Cow is too well known, I fear,
To need an introduction here.
If she should vanish from earth's face
It would be hard to fill her place;
For with the Cow would disappear
So much that every one holds Dear.
Oh, think of all the Boots and Shoes,
Milk Punches, Gladstone Bags, and Stews,
And Things too numerous to count,
Of which, my Child, she is the Fount,
Let's hope, at least, the Fount may last
Until *our* Generation's past.

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PAUL WEST

THE CUMBERBUNCE

I STROLLED beside the shining sea,
I was as lonely as could be;
No one to cheer me in my walk
But stones and sand, which cannot talk—
Sand and stones and bits of shell,
Which never have a thing to tell.

But as I sauntered by the tide
I saw a something at my side,
A something green, and blue, and pink,
And brown, and purple, too, I think.
I would not say how large it was;
I would not venture that, because
It took me rather by surprise,
And I have not the best of eyes.

Should you compare it to a cat,
I'd say it was as large as that;
Or should you ask me if the thing
Was smaller than a sparrow's wing,
I should be apt to think you knew,
And simply answer, "—Very true!"

Well, as I looked upon the thing,
It murmured, "Please, sir, can I sing?"

And then I knew its name at once—
It plainly was a Cumberbunce.

You are amazed that I could tell
The creature's name so quickly? Well,
I knew it was not a paper doll,
A pencil or a parasol,
A tennis-racket or a cheese,
And, as it was not one of these,
And I am not a perfect dunce—
It had to be a Cumberbunce!

With pleading voice and tearful eye
It seemed as though about to cry
It looked so pitiful and sad
It made me feel extremely bad.
My heart was softened to the thing
That asked me if it please could sing
Its little hand I long to shake,
But, oh, it had no hand to take!
I bent and drew the creature near,
And whispered in its pale-blue ear,
"What! Sing, my Cumberbunce? You can!
Sing on, sing loudly, little man!"
The Cumberbunce, without ado,
Gazed sadly on the ocean blue,
And, lifting up its little head,
In tones of awful longing, said:

"Oh, I would sing of Mackerel skies,
And why the sea is wet,

Of jelly-fish and conger-eels,
And things that I forget,
And I would hum a plaintive tune
Of why the waves are hot
As water boiling on a stove,
Excepting that they're not!

"And I would sing of hooks and eyes,
And why the sea is slant,
And gaily tips the little ships,
Excepting that I can't!
I never sang a single song,
I never hummed a note.
There is in me no melody,
No music in my throat.

"So that is why I do not sing
Of sharks, or whales, or anything!"

I looked in innocent surprise,
My wonder showing in my eyes.
"Then why, O Cumberbunce," I cried,
"Did you come walking at my side
And ask me if you, please, might sing,
When you could not warble anything?"

"I did not ask permission, sir,
I really did not, I aver.
You, sir, misunderstood me, quite,
I did not ask you if I *might*.
Had you correctly understood,
You'd know I asked you if I *could*.

So, as I cannot sing a song,
Your answer, it is plain, was wrong.
The fact I could not sing I knew.
But wanted your opinion, too."

A voice came softly o'er the lea,
"Farewell! my mate is calling me!"

I saw the creature disappear,
Its voice, in parting, smote my ear—
"I thought all people understood
The difference 'twixt 'might' and 'could'!"

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EUGENE FIELD

DIBDIN'S GHOST

DEAR wife, last midnight, whilst I read
The tomes you so despise,
A specter rose beside the bed,
And spake in this true wise:
"From Canaan's beatific coast
I've come to visit thee,
For I am Frognall Dibdin's ghost,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

I bade him welcome, and we twain
Discussed with buoyant hearts
The various things that appertain
To bibliomaniac arts.
"Since you are fresh from t'other side,
Pray tell me of that host
That treasured books before they died,"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"They've entered into perfect rest;
For in the life they've won
There are no auctions to molest,
No creditors to dun.
Their heavenly rapture has no bounds,
Beside that jasper sea;

"It is a joy unknown to Lowndes,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

Much I rejoiced to hear him speak
Of biblio-bliss above,
For I am one of those who seek
What bibliomaniacs love.
"But tell me, for I long to hear
What doth concern me most,
Are wives admitted to that sphere?"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"The women folks are few up there;
For 'twere not fair, you know,
That they our heavenly joy should share
Who vex us here below.
The few are those who have been kind
To husbands such as we;
They knew our fads, and didn't mind,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

"But what of those who scold at us
When we would read in bed?
Or, wanting victuals, make a fuss
If we buy books instead?
And what of those who've dusted not
Our motley pride and boast—
Shall they profane that sacred spot?"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"Oh, no! they tread that other path,
Which leads where torments roll,

And worms, yes, bookworms, vent their
wrath
Upon the guilty soul.
Untouched of bibliomaniac grace,
That saveth such as we,
They wallow in that dreadful place,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

"To my dear wife will I recite
What things I've heard you say;
She'll let me read the books by night
She's let me buy by day.
For we together by and by
Would join that heavenly host;
She's earned a rest as well as I,"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

THE PATRIOTIC TOURIST

Some folks the Old World find so fair
And fancy it so grand,
They see its marvels everywhere
About their native land.

When they the Hudson sail by day,
While all its beauties shine,
They most enthusiastic say:
"Behold the Yankee Rhine!"

As on Lake George they dream and drift,
Enrapt at every turn,
'Tis thus their voices up they lift:
"America's Lake Lucerne!"

At Saranac sublimely frown
The Alps their travels know,
And then they breathe in Morristown
The air of Monaco.

Forsooth it's not the same with me,
For, from an Alpine gorge,
I view Lucerne, and sing in glee:
"'Tis Switzerland's Lake George!'

When off Sorrento, in a boat,
I drift, serene and gay,
I fancy, in a dream, I float
On great Peconic Bay.

When in the Scottish Highlands I
  Upon the heather bunk,
I look about and fondly sigh
  O'er Caledon's Mauch Chunk.

In London town, all smoke and fog,
  I wander happy, when
I fancy that I gaily jog
  Around in Pittsburg, Penn.

The Rhine is Europe's Hudson long,
  The Alps the Swiss Catskills;
Lake Como is the Ho-pat-cong
  Of the Italian hills.

I see, from Dan to Jericho,
  From Berne to Ispahan,
Wonders that imitate, I know,
  Our own as best they can.

And I shall cheer, until I cease
  To tread this earthly way,
Sky high in classic Athens, Greece,
  Manunka Chunk, N. J.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

CONSTANCY

"You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
  Then why do you make me knock?"
"Oh, that was yesterday, Saints above!
  And last night—I changed the lock!"

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

AMUSING THE BOY

I SAW an amusing thing at a railroad depot not long ago. The gateman lisped pitifully, and seemed pained when any one asked him a question. On this special day a woman with a small boy approached him and asked, "What time does the next train leave for B——?"

"Theven thithty-theven," he replied; and the woman and her young hopeful retreated to the waiting-room. She soon emerged again, however, and approached the gateman.

"Excuse me," she said, "but what time did you say the next train left for B——?" The gateman breathed a deep sigh and answered laboriously.

"At theven thithty-theven." Once more the child and his ma withdrew and left the poor man in peace. But he was not long to enjoy this state of quiet felicity, for in a few moments out she came again and put the very same question. A look of exasperation came over the man's face as he said, "You hath lotht that train now, madam. I am tho thorry. It letht at theven thithty-theven, and it ith the latht that thopth at B——."

"Oh, don't let that trouble you," she replied with a sweetly patronizing smile. "We really didn't want that train, but my little boy *does* like to hear you say seven fifty-seven."

"Thanks, ever so much!" the small boy added. "Good-bye, mister."

CAROLYN WELLS

THE TRAGEDY OF A THEATRE HAT

The devil one day in a spirit of mirth
Was walking around, to and fro, on the earth,
When he heard a man say,
In a casual way,
"I think I'll just drop in at the matinée;
For I feel in the humor to see a good play,
And the thing is a rattler, I've heard people say.'
The devil stood by,
With a smile in his eye,
And he said, "I don't see any good reason why
I, too, shouldn't go to this play that's so fly."
Now, His Majesty, as is well known by the wise,
Assumes at his will any kind of disguise;
And he said, "I will go
To this wonderful show
In the shape of a man, and arrayed *comme il faut.*"
No sooner 'twas said than 'twas done, and away
His Majesty sped to the gay matinée.
In faultless attire becomingly garbed,
Concealing entirely his tail (which was barbed),
Correctly cravatted,
And duly silk-hatted,
With his two cloven hoofs patent-leathered and spatted,

He approached the box-office with jauntiest airs,
And purchased a seat in the orchestra chairs.
Then removing his tile,
He tripped down the aisle,
With a manner which showed no appearance of guile,
Although he could scarcely conceal a slight smile
As he noticed the ladies who sat near to him,
So modishly mannered, and quite in the swim—
The maidens so trim,
And the matrons so prim—
And he thought how extremely they'd be horrified
If they had any notion who sat by their side.
As His Majesty sat there enjoying it all
There entered a lady exceedingly tall;
With a rustle of silk and a flutter of fur,
She sat herself down in the seat kept for her,
Right in front of Old Nick, and exactly between
Himself and the stage. And her insolent mien
Proclaimed her at once a society queen.
Her shoulders were broad and supported a cape
Which gave you no clue to her possible shape,
'Twas so plaited and quilled,
And ruffled and frilled,
And it tinkled with bugles that never were stilled;
And wide epaulettes
All covered with jets,
Caught up here and there with enormous rosettes,
And further adorned with gold-spangled aigrettes
Encircling her neck was a boa of gauze,

Accordion-plaited and trimmed with gewgaws;
And perched on the top of her haughty, blond
head
Was a HAT! Now, of course, you have all of
you read
Of the theatre hats
That are seen at the mats.,
That are higher than steeples and broader than
flats;
But this one as far outshone all of the others
As young Joseph's dream-sheaves exceeded his
brothers'.
'Twas a wide-rolling brim, and a high-peakèd
crown,
And black feathers stood up and black feathers
hung down;
And black feathers waved wildly in every
direction,
Without any visible scheme of connection.
'Twas decked with rare flowers of a marvelous
size,
And colors that seemed to bedazzle the eyes.
And each vacant space
Was filled in with lace,
And twenty-three birds in the ribbons found
place.
And as this arrangement quite shut off his view,
The devil was nonplussed to know what to do.
And although he is not very often amazed,
Upon this occasion he found he was phased.
But, looking around,
He very soon found

That as many fair ladies, as gorgeously gowned,
Held their hats in their laps,
Or, still better, perhaps,
Had left them outside in the room with their wraps.
And assuming at once a society air,
He leaned over the back of the fair stranger's chair
And with manner well-bred,
"Beg pardon," he said,
"Will you please take that awful thing off of your head?"
When, what do you think! The lady addressed
Indignantly stared, and politely expressed
A decided refusal to grant his request.
And the poor devil sat
Behind that big hat,
So mad that he didn't know where he was at.
He could not see a thing that took place on the stage,
And he worked himself into a terrible rage.
He murmured quite low—
But she heard him, you know—
"Lady, since you refused to remove that chapeau.
You're condemned now to wear it wherever you go.
Since you won't take it off when a duty you owe,
You shall not take it off when you wish to do so."
Alas for the lady! The devil has power,
And the rest of her life, from that terrible hour,
The curse of the devil compelled her to wear

That enormous be-flowered and be-feathered
affair.
Her lot was a sad one. If you'll reckon o'er
The times when a hat is a terrible bore,
You'll certainly say
That to wear it all day
And then wear it all night is a fate to deplore.
She wore it at dinners, she wore it at balls;
She wore it at home when receiving her calls;
She wore it at breakfast, at luncheon and tea,
Not even at prayers from that hat was she free.
She couldn't remove it on going to bed.
She rose, bathed and dressed with that hat on
her head.
If she lounged in the hammock, perusing a book,
Or went to the kitchen to speak to the cook,
In summer or winter, the hat was still there,
And 'twas so in the way when she shampooed
her hair.
Her lover would fain his fair sweetheart caress,
But who could to his bosom tenderly press
Twelve black, waving feathers and twenty-
three birds?
He said what he thought in appropriate words,
And broke the engagement. She vowed she
would go
To a convent and bury her sorrow; but no—
They wouldn't receive her. It was the old tale,
That hat quite prevented her taking the veil.
The curse was upon her! No mortal could
save—
She carried that ill-fated hat to her grave.

MORAL

Now, all you young women with Gainsborough hats,
Beware how you wear them to Saturday mats.
Remember the fate
Of this maid up-to-date,
And take warning from her ere it may be too late.

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We had a fashionable wedding at the home of one of our oldest families last Thursday. George Alley married Katie, the daughter of Colonel "Andy" Frew. The wedding was held early in the morning, as the happy couple wished to take a wedding tour over the N. & S. V. Railroad to Newport. The marriage was performed at 6:30 A. M. by Squire Brown. After a sumptuous breakfast of sausage, buckwheat cakes and panhas, the bridal couple departed on the early train for Newport, returning on the noon train the same day. The bridegroom looked happy and the bride handsome. She is so handsome that it is said she can mash potatoes by just looking at them. The next day after the wedding George was in the store, and, after sitting behind the stove for about two hours, evidently in deep thought, he rose, stretched himself and remarked, "Travelin' is tiresome."

F. P. DUNNE ("Mr. Dooley")

HOME LIFE OF GENIUSES

"A WOMAN ought to be careful who she marries," said Mr. Dooley.

"So ought a man," said Mr. Hennessy, with feeling.

"It don't make so much diff'rence about him," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin a man's marrid he's a marrid man. That's all ye can say about him. Iv coorse, he thinks marredge is goin' to change th' whole current iv his bein', as Hogan says. But it doesn't. Afther he's been hooked up f'r a few months he finds he was marrid befure, even if he wasn't, which is often th' case, d'ye mind. Th' first bride iv his bosom was th' Day's Wurruk, an' it can't be put off. They'se no groun's f'r dissolvin' that marredge, Hinnissy. You can't say to th' Day's Wurruk: 'Here, take this bunch iv alimony an' go on th' stage.' It turns up at breakfast about th' fourth month afther th' weddin' an' creates a scandal. Th' unforchnit man thries to shoo it off, but it fixes him with its eye an' hauls him away fr'm the bacon an' eggs, while the lady opposite weeps and wondhers what he can see in annything so old an' homely. It says, 'Come with me, aroon', an' he goes. An' afther

that he spinds most iv his time an' often a good deal iv his money with th' enchantress. I tell ye what, Hinnissy, th' Day's Wurruk has broke up more happy homes thin comic opry. If th' coorts wud allow it, manny a woman cud get a divorce on th' groun's that her husband cared more f'r his Day's Wurruk thin he did f'r her. 'Hinnissy varsus Hinnissy; corryspondint, th' Day's Wurruk.' They'd be ividence that th' defindant was seen ridin' in a cab with th' corryspondint, that he took it to a picnic, that he wint to th' theaytre with it, that he talked about it in his sleep, an' that, lost to all sinse iv shame, he even escoorted it home with him an' inthrajooced it to his varchoos wife an' innocint childher. So it don't make much diff'rence who a man marries. If he has a job, he's safe.

"But with a woman 'tis diff'rent. Th' man puts down on'y part iv th' bet. Whin he's had enough iv th' convarsation that in Union Park undher th' threes med him think he was talkin' with an intellechool joyntess, all he has to do is put on his coat, grab up his dinner pail an' go down to th' shops, to be happy though marrid. But a woman, I tell ye, bets all she has. A man don't have to marry, but a woman does. Ol' maids an' clargymen do th' most good in th' wurruld an' we love thim f'r th' good they do. But people, especially women, don't want to be loved that way. They want to be loved because people can't help lovin' thim no matther

how bad they are. Th' story books that ye give ye'er daughter Honoria all tell her 'tis just as good not to be marrid. She reads about how kind Dorothy was to Lulu's childher an' she knows Dorothy was th' betther woman, but she wants to be Lulu. Her heart, an' a cold look in th' eye iv th' wurruld an' her Ma tell her to hurry up. Arly in life she looks f'r th' man iv her choice in th' tennis records; later she reads th' news fr'm th' militia encampmint; thin she studies th' socyal raygisther; further on she makes hersilf familyar with Bradsthreets' rayports, an' fin'lly she watches th' place where life presarvers are hangin'.

"Now, what kind iv a man ought a woman to marry? She oughtn't to marry a young man because she'll grow old quicker thin he will; she oughtn't to marry an old man because he'll be much older befure he's younger; she oughtn't to marry a poor man because he may become rich an' lose her; she oughtn't to marry a rich man because if he becomes poor she can't lose him; she oughtn't to marry a man that knows more thin she does, because he'll niver fail to show it, an' she oughtn't to marry a man that knows less because he may niver catch up. But above all things she mustn't marry a janius. A flurewalker, perhaps; a janius niver.

"I tell ye this because I've been r-readin' a book Hogan give me, about th' divvle's own time a janius had with his family. A cap iv industhry may have throuble in his fam'ly till

there isn't a whole piece iv chiny in th' cupboard, an' no wan will be the wiser f'r it but th' hired girl an' th' doctor that paints th' black eye. But iviry body knows what happens in a janius's house. Th' janius always tells th' bartinder. Besides he has other janiuses callin' on him an' 'tis th' business iv a janius to write about th' domestic throubles iv other janiuses so posterity'll know what a hard thing it is to be a janius. I've been readin' this book iv Hogan's, an' as I tell ye, 'tis about th' misery a wretched woman inflicted on a pote's life.

"'Our hayro,' says th' author, 'at this peeryod conthracted an unforchnit alliance that was destined to cast a deep gloom over his career. At th' age iv fifty, afther a life devoted to the pursoot iv such gaiety as janiuses have always found niciss'ry to solace their avenin's, he married a young an' beautiful girl some thirty-two years his junior. This wretched crather had no appreciation iv lithrachoor or lithry men. She was frivolous an' light-minded an' ividintly considhered that nawthin' was rally lithrachoor that cudden't be thranslated into groceries. Niver shall I f'rget th' expression iv despair on th' face iv this godlike man as he came into Casey's saloon wan starry July avenin' an' staggered into his familyar seat, holdin' in his hand a bit iv soiled paper which he tore into fragmints an' hurled into the coal scuttle. On that crumpled parchment findin' a somber grave among th' disinterred relics iv

an age long past, to wit, th' cariboniferious or coal age, was written th' iver-mim'rable pome: "Ode to Gin." Our frind had scribbled it hastily at th' dinner iv th' Betther-thin-Shakespeare Club, an' had attimpted to read it to his wife through th' keyhole iv her bedroom dure an' met no response fr'm th' fillystein but a pitcher iv wather through th' thransom. Forchnitly he had presarved a copy on his cuff an' th' gem was not lost to posterity. But such was th' home life iv wan iv th' gr-reatest iv lithry masters, a man indowed be nachure with all that shud make a woman adore him as is proved be his tindher varses: "To Carrie," "To Maude," "To Flossie," "To Angebel," "To Queenie," an' so foorth. De Bonipoort in his cillybrated "Mimores," in which he tells ivrythin unpleasant he see or heerd in his frinds' houses, gives a sthrikin' pitcher iv a scene that happened befure his eyes. "Afther a few basins iv absceenthe in th' reev gosh," says he, "Parnassy invited us home to dinner. Sivral iv th' bum vivonts was hard to wake up, but fin'lly we arrive at th' handsome cellar where our gr-reat frind had installed his unworthy fam'ly. Ivrything pinted to th' admirable taste iv th' thrue artist. Th' tub, th' washboard, th' biler singin' on th' fire, th' neighbor's washin' dancin' on the clothes rack, were all in keepin' with th' best ideels iv what a pote's home shud be. Th' wife, a faded but still pretty woman, welcomed us more or less an' with th' assistance iv sivral

bottles iv paint we had brought with us we was soon launched on a feast iv raison an' a flow iv soul. Unhappily befure th' raypast was con-cluded a mis'rable scene took place. Amid cries iv approval, Parnassy read his mim-rable pome intitled: "I wisht I nivir got marrid." Afther finishin' in a perfect roar of applause, he happened to look up an' see his wife callously rockin' th' baby. With th' impetchosity so charackteristic iv th' man, he broke a soup plate over her head an' burst into tears on th' flure, where gentle sleep soon soothed th' pangs iv a weary heart. We left as quietly as we cud, considherin' th' way th' chairs was placed, an' wanst undher th' stars comminted on th' ir'ny iv fate that condimned so great a man to so milancholy a distiny.

" 'This,' says our author, 'was th' daily life iv th' hayro f'r tin years. In what purgatory will that infamous woman suffer if Hiven thinks as much iv janiuses as we think iv oursilves. Forchnitly th pote was soon to be marcifully relieved. He left her an' she marrid a boorjawce with whom she led a life iv coarse happiness. It is sad to relate that some years afterward th' great pote, havin' called to make a short touch on th' woman f'r whom he had sacryficed so much, was unfeelingly kicked out iv th' boorjawce's plumbin' shop.'

"So, ye see, Hinnissy, why a woman oughtn't to marry a janius. She can't be cross or peevish or angry or jealous or frivolous or annything

else a woman ought to be at times f'r fear it will get into th' ditchn'ry iv bio-graphy, an' she'll go down to histhry as a termygant. A termygant, Hinnissy, is a woman who's heerd talkin' to her husband after they've been marrid a year. Hogan says all janiuses was unhappily marrid. I guess that's thrue iv their wives, too. He says if ye hear iv a pote who got on with his fam'ly, scratch him fr'm ye'er public lib'ry list. An' there ye ar-re."

"Ye know a lot about marredge," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I do," said Mr. Dooley.

"Ye was niver marrid?"

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "No, I say, givin' three cheers. I know about marredge th' way an asthronomer knows about th' stars. I'm studyin' it through me glass all th' time."

"Ye're an asthronomer," said Mr. Hennessy; "but," he added, tapping himself lightly on the chest, "I'm a star."

"Go home," said Mr. Dooley crossly, "befure th' mornin' comes to put ye out."

THE SONG OF THE JELLYFISH

As THE waves slip over my cuticle sleek
They tickle my soul with glee,
And I shake with a visceral, saccharine joy
In the place where my ribs should be.
For I'm simply a lump of limpid lard,
With a gluey sort of a wish
To pass my time in the oozing slime—
In the home of the jellyfish.

But I'm happy in having no bones to break
In my unctuous, wavering form,
And I haven't a trace—nor, indeed, any place
For the dangerous vermiform.
For I'm built on the strictest economy plan
And the model was made in a rush,
While essaying to think almost drives me to drink,
For I'm simply a mass of mush.

At night, when I slide on the sandy beach,
And the moonbeams pierce me through,
The tears arise in my gelatine eyes
And I gurgle a sob or two.
For I wonder—ah, me!—in the time to come,
When the days are no longer young,
What fish's digestion will suffer congestion
When the end of my song is sung.

JARVIS KEILEY.

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HOLMAN F. DAY

GRAMPY SINGS A SONG

Row-diddy, dow de, my little sis,
Hush up your teasin' and listen to this:
'Tain't much of a jingle, 'tain't much of a tune,
But it's spang-fired truth about Chester Cahoon.
The thund'rinest fireman Lord ever made
Was Chester Cahoon of the Tuttsville Brigade.
He was boss of the tub and the foreman of hose;
When the 'larm rung he'd start, sis, a-sheddin' his clothes,
—Slung coat and slung wes'coat and kicked off his shoes,
A-runnin' like fun, for he'd no time to lose.
And he'd howl down the ro'd in a big cloud of dust,
For he made it his brag he was allus there fust.
—Allus there fust, with a whoop and a shout,
And he never shut up till the fire was out.
And he'd knock out the winders and save all the doors,
And tear off the clapboards, and rip up the floors,
For he allus allowed 'twas a tarnation sin
To 'low 'em to burn, for you'd want 'em agin.
He gen'rally stirred up the most of his touse
In hustling to save the outside of the house.
And after he'd wrassled and hollered and pried

He'd let up and tackle the stuff 'twas inside.
To see him you'd think he was daft as a loon,
But that was just habit with Chester Cahoon.
Row diddy-iddy, my little sis,
Now see what ye think of a doin' like this:
The time of the fire at Jenkins' old place
It got a big start—was a desprit case;
The fambly they didn't know which way to turn.
And by gracious, it looked like it all was to burn.
But Chester Cahoon—oh, that Chester Cahoon,
He sailed to the roof like a reg'lar balloon;
Donno how he done it, but done it he did,
—Went down through the scuttle and shet down the lid.
And five minutes later that critter he came
Tu the second floor winder surrounded by flame.
He lugged in his arms, sis, a stove and a bed,
And balanced a bureau right square on his head.
His hands they was loaded with crockery stuff,
China and glass; as if that warn't enough,
He'd rolls of big quilts round his neck like a wreath,
And carried Mis' Jenkins' old aunt with his teeth.
You're right—gospel right, little sis—didn't seem
The critter'd git down, but he called for the stream,
And when it come strong and big round as my wrist,
He stuck out his legs, sis, and give 'em a twist;
And he hooked round the water jes' if 'twas a rope,

And down he come, easin' himself on the slope,
—So almighty spry that he made that 'ere stream
As fit for his pupp'us as if 'twas a beam.
Oh, the thund'rinest fireman Lord ever made
Was Chester Cahoon of the Tuttsville Brigade.

Remarkable stories are told of the gift which many people have for remembering names and faces, but Mr. Joseph Jefferson utterly lacks this faculty. He told this story to a friend:

"I was coming down in the elevator of the Stock Exchange building, and at one of the intermediate floors a man whose face I knew as well as I know yours got in. He greeted me very warmly at once, said it was a number of years since we had met, and was very gracious and friendly. But I couldn't place him for the life of me. I asked him as a sort of a feeler how he happened to be in New York, and he answered, with a touch of surprise, that he had lived there for several years. Finally I told him, in an apologetic way, that I couldn't recall his name. He looked at me for a moment, and then he said, very quietly, that his name was U. S. Grant."

"What did you do, Joe?" his friend asked.

"Do?" he replied, with a characteristic smile. "Why, I got out at the next floor, for fear I should be fool enough to ask him if he had ever been in the war!"

GEORGE ADE

THE FABLE OF THE PREACHER WHO FLEW HIS KITE, BUT NOT BECAUSE HE WISHED TO DO SO

A CERTAIN preacher became wise to the Fact that he was not making a Hit with his Congregation. The Parishioners did not seem inclined to seek him out after Services and tell him he was a Pansy. He suspected that they were Rapping him on the Quiet.

The Preacher knew there must be something wrong with his Talk. He had been trying to Expound in a clear and straightforward Manner, omitting Foreign Quotations, setting up for illustration of his Points such Historical Characters as were familiar to his Hearers, putting the stubby Old English words ahead of the Latin, and rather flying low along the Intellectual Plane of the Aggregation that chipped in to pay his Salary.

But the Pew-holders were not tickled. They could Understand everything he said, and they began to think he was Common.

So he studied the Situation and decided that if he wanted to Win them and make everybody believe he was a Nobby and Boss Minister he

would have to hand out a little Guff. He fixed it up Good and Plenty.

On the following Sunday Morning he got up in the Lookout and read a text that didn't mean anything, read from either Direction, and then he sized up his Flock with a Dreamy Eye and said: "We cannot more adequately voice the Poetry and Mysticism of our Text than in those familiar Lines of the great Icelandic Poet, Ikon Navrojk:

> "To hold is not to have—
> Under the seared Firmament,
> Where Chaos sweeps, and vast Futurity
> Sneers at these puny Aspirations—
> There is the full Reprisal."

When the Preacher concluded this Extract from the Well-Known Icelandic Poet he paused and looked downward, breathing heavily through his Nose, like Camille in the Third Act.

A stout Woman in the Front Row put on her Eye-Glasses and leaned forward so as not to miss Anything. A Venerable Harness Dealer over at the Right nodded his Head solemnly. He seemed to recognize the Quotation. Members of the Congregation glanced at one another as if to say, "This is certainly Hot Stuff!"

The Preacher wiped his Brow and said he had no Doubt that every one within the Sound of his Voice remembered what Quarolius had said, following the same Line of Thought. It was Quarolius who disputed the Contention of the great Persian Theologian Ramtazuk, that the

soul in its reaching out after the Unknowable was guided by the Spiritual Genesis of Motive rather than by mere Impulse of Mentality. The Preacher didn't know what all This meant, and he didn't care, but you can rest easy that the Pew-holders were On in a minute. He talked it off in just the Way that Cyrano talks when he gets Roxane so Dizzy that she nearly falls off the Piazza

The Parishioners bit their Lower Lips and hungered for more First-class Language. They had paid their Money for Tall Talk and were prepared to solve any and all Styles of Delivery. They held on to the Cushions and seemed to be having a Nice Time.

The Preacher quoted copiously from the Great Poet, Amebius. He recited eighteen lines of Greek, and then said, "How true this is!" And not a Parishioner batted an Eye.

It was Amebius whose Immortal Lines he recited in order to prove the Extreme Error of the Position assumed in the Controversy by the Famous Italian, Polenta.

He had them going, and there wasn't a Thing to it. When he would get tired of faking Philosophy he would quote from a Celebrated Poet of Ecuador or Tasmania or some other Seaport Town. Compared with this Verse, all of which was of the same School as the Icelandic Masterpiece, the most obscure and clouded Passage in Robert Browning was like a Plate-glass Front in a State Street Candy Store just

after the Colored Boy gets through using the Chamois.

After that he became Eloquent, and began to get rid of long Boston Words that hadn't been used before that Season. He grabbed a rhetorical Roman Candle in each Hand and you couldn't see him for the Sparks.

After which he sunk his Voice to a Whisper and talked about the Birds and the Flowers. Then, although there was no Cue for him to Weep, he shed a few real Tears. And there wasn't a dry Glove in the Church.

After he sat down he could tell by the Scared Look of the People in Front that he had made a Ten-Strike.

Did they give him the Joyous Palm that Day? Sure.

The stout Lady could not control her Feelings when she told how much the Sermon had helped her. The venerable Harness Dealer said he wished to endorse the Able and Scholarly Criticism of Polenta.

In fact, every one said the Sermon was Superfine and Dandy. The only thing that worried the Congregation was the Fear that if it wished to retain such a Whale it might have to Boost his Salary.

In the Meantime the Preacher waited for some one to come and ask about Polenta, Amebius, Ramtazuk, Quarolius and the great Icelandic Poet, Navrojk. But no one had the Face to step up and confess his Ignorance of

these Celebrities. The Pew-holders didn't even admit among themselves that the Preacher had rung in some New Ones. They stood Pat, and merely said it was an Elegant Sermon.

Perceiving that they would stand for Anything the Preacher knew what to do after that.

MORAL.—*Give the People what they Think they want.*

FATHER USED TO MAKE

SAID a young and tactless husband
To his inexperienced wife,
"If you would but give up leading
Such a fashionable life,
And devote more time to cooking—
How to mix and when to bake—
Then, perhaps, you might make pastry
Such as mother used to make."
And the wife, resenting, answered
(For the worm will turn, you know):
"If you would but give up horses
And a score of clubs or so,
To devote more time to business—
When to buy and what to stake—
Then, perhaps, you might make money
Such as father used to make."

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY

You Wi'yum, cum 'ere, suh, dis minute. Wut dat you got under dat box?
I don't want no foolin', you hear me? Wut you say? Ain't nu'h'n but *rocks?*
'Pears ter me you's owdashus perticler. S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! der you think dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain watermillion, you scamp, en I knows whah it grow
It cum fum de Jimmerson cawn-fiel', dah on ter side er de road.
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot.
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n be a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mi*ran*dy! Go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase!
En cut me de toughes' en keenes' you c'n fine anywhah on de place.
I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yum Joe Vetters, ter steal en ter lie, you young sinner,
Disgracin' yo 'ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave cookin' dinner.

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, suh! I is I' 'shamed you'se my son.
En de holy accorjun angel he's 'shamed er wut you has done;

En he's tuk it down up yander in coal-black,
blood-red letters—
"One watermillion stoled by Wi'yum Josephus
Vetters."

En wut you s'posin' Br'er Bascom, yo teacher at
Sunday-school,
'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de good
Lawd's Gol'n Rule?
Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun'
fuh ter be a black villiun?
Is' s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal
any man's watermillion.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you
shain't have narry bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillion—en dat
in de day's broad light—
Ain't—*Lawdy* it's GREEN! Mirandy Mi-ran-dy!
come on wi' dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillion! Who
ever heered tell er des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump
um, en w'en dey go pank dey is green;
But when dey go *punk*, now you mine me, dey's
ripe—en dat's wut I mean.
En nex' time you hook watermillions—*you*
heered me, you ign'ant young hunk,
Ef you don't want a lickin' all over, be sho dat
dey allers go "punk."

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

SIMEON FORD

AT A TURKISH BATH

GENTLE reader, have you ever bathed? Turkish bathed? I wot not. I have, woe is me, and I am now a sadder and a cleaner man. If this article, which is meant to be deliciously light and playful, appears to you to be fraught with an underlying varicose vein of gloom, do not hastily pass it by, but remember that it's in the interest of science. I have dallied with this luxury of the Orient (so-called). Also remember that I have contracted a deep sonorous cold, which will, in all probability, fondly nestle in my bosom till my ulster blooms again.

The preliminaries of the Turkish bath are simple. You pay one dollar at the door and pass into the "cooling-room." where the mercury registers ninety-eight degrees. The appropriateness of this title does not burst upon you until you have visited the inner shrine, where the temperature is up near the boiling point. In the "cooling-room" you are privileged to deposit your valuables in a safe. I did not avail myself of this boon, however, for reasons of a purely private nature, but passed at once into the "disrobing room." This room was not so large as to appear dreary, nor yet so small as some

I have lodged in on the Bowery, but was about seven by four. The furniture was simple yet chaste, consisting of a chair and a brush and comb long past their prime. The comb was chained to the wall, but the brush was permitted to roam at will. Hastily divesting myself of sealskins, Jaegers and other panoplies of rank, I arranged them in a neat pile in the centre of the room and placed the chair upon them. This simple precaution I had learned while occupying a room separated from its fellows by low partitions. Your neighbor may be a disciple of Izaak Walton, and during your sleep or absence may take a cast over the partition with hook and line. What could be more embarrassing than to have one's trousers thus surreptitiously removed. I am a lover of the "gentle art" myself, but I am ever loath to be played for a sucker.

I was now ushered into the "hot room," where a number of gentlemen were lolling about and perspiring affably and fluently. Being of a timid, shrinking nature, I was somewhat embarrassed on entering a room thus filled with strangers, and the more so as I realized that my costume was too bizarre and striking for one of my willowy proportions. So I flung myself with an affectation of easy grace upon a marble divan, but immediately arose therefrom with a vivid blush and a large blister. I then sat upon a seething chair until I came to a boil, when I rose up and endeavored to alleviate

my sufferings by restlessly pacing the room. A few towels were scattered about, and as the nimble chamois leaps from crag to crag, so leaped I from towel to towel in my efforts to keep my feet off the red-hot floor.

Having basked in this room until I was quite aglow, I summoned the attendant and told him he could take me out at once or wait yet a little longer and remove me through a hose. I then passed into the "manipulating room," where I was laid out on an unelastic marble slab like a "found drowned" at the Morgue, and was taken in hand by a muscular attendant who proceeded to manipulate me with great violence. He began upon my chest, upon which he pressed until he lifted his feet off the floor, and my shoulder blades made dents in the marble. I mildly asked if it was absolutely necessary that my respiratory organs should thus be flattened, to which he replied with a rich Turkish accent, "Come off, young feller, I know my biz," and swooped down upon my digestive organs. Manipulation consists of disjointing, dismembering, bruising and rending limb from limb, and may be healthful, but it is not popular with me. This man said he was a pianist also, and that he could manipulate and at the same time strengthen his fingers and improve his technique, and to illustrate he struck a few resounding chords in the small of my back and then proceeded to interpret Wagner up and down my vertebræ, running scales, twiddling

up in the treble and thundering down in the bass, just as if I were the keyboard of a Steinway grand, an illusion doubtless heightened by the ivory whiteness of my skin. He wound up by playing that grand show-off piece, the "Battle of Prague," while I joined in with the "Cries of the Wounded." It was a fine rendering, no doubt, but next time I am to be played upon I shall ask for a soft andante movement—a Chopin nocturne, say.

In one of the many hospitals in the south a bright, busy-looking and duty-loving woman bustled up to one of the wounded soldiers who lay gazing at the ceiling above his cot. "Can't I do something for you, my poor fellow?" said the woman imploringly. The "poor fellow" looked up languidly. The only things he really wanted just at that time were his discharge and a box of cigars. When he saw the strained and anxious look on the good woman's face, however, he felt sorry for her, and with perfect *sang-froid* he replied: "Why, yes, you can wash my face if you want to."

"I'd be only too glad to," gasped the visitor eagerly.

"All right," said the cavalier gallantly, "go ahead. It's been washed twenty-one times already to-day, but I don't mind going through it again if it'll make you any happier."

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

THE WOMAN WHO WAS NOT ATHLETIC

THERE was once a woman who wore High heeled Shoes and a Tight Corset. Both These are Highly Injurious and Inartistic to the Last Degree. One Day she Went out to the Links with a Sensible Friend who wore a Sweater and Man-fashioned Shoes. There they Met two Men playing Golf.

"I Fear I shall only Be in your Way," said the Woman who was Not Athletic. "I Cannot Play the Game. I do Not Know a Caddy from a Bunker, nor a Foursome from a Tee."

"Not at all. I will Describe the Game to You," said the Men.

"Oh, Thank you, but One will be Quite enough," she replied, and she Selected the Best-looking, and the Other Went out after the Sensible Friend.

"May I Carry your Parasol?" said he when they had Started.

"If you will Be so Good," she answered. "It is very Foolish, I know, but my Skin is so Absurdly Thin, and the Sun Blisters it so."

The Sensible Friend came up just Behind, and Mopping her Face, she said: "You are too Ridiculous. A Rose-Colored Parasol on the

Links! You are keeping Him from playing, too. He will get out of Practice."

"Oh, I Hope not," said the Woman who was Not Athletic.

"Do not be Alarmed," said the man. "It is All Right."

"Moreover, I saw him Help you Over a Fence," said the Sensible Friend, as she Waded through a Muddy Brook. "That Game is Out of Date."

The Woman who was not Athletic looked Pensively and for Some Time at the Man.

"I am Spoiling Everything," she said, softly, "Let me Go Home, and then You can Play."

"But then You could not Learn the Game," said he, Sitting down under a Kind of Artificial Watershed and Watching the Rose-colored Reflection of her Parasol.

"Is this a Bunker?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Its Purpose is to shield People Who wish to be Alone, from Observation."

"Oh!" said she. "Then what is a Hazard?"

"Well," he replied, "this is sometimes Called a Hazard, too, because there is a Chance that Some one may Come By after all."

"Oh!" said she. "Then over That Wall Behind that Big Rock is one of the Best Bunkers on the links, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed," he replied. "You Pick Up the Game very Rapidly. Come over There, and I will Explain it Further to You."

"You are so Good," she said, as he Lifted her Over the Wall.

"Not at All," he replied, Politely.

Some Time Afterward the Sensible Friend who was engaged in Wallowing Through some Underbrush and Falling into a Pond in Search of Her Ball, Passed by Them on the Return Course, and Seeing them Seated against the Wall, noted their somewhat Unoriginal Attitudes. She was surprised.

This teaches us that You need Not Teach an Old Dog New Tricks.

THE WOMAN WHO USED HER THEORY

There was once a Woman who had a Theory that Men did Not Care for Too Much Intellectuality in her Sex. After this Theory she shaped her Actions, which Shows her to have been a Remarkable Woman. One day a Man asked her if she Belonged to his Sister's Ibsen Club.

"Oh, no," she answered; "I Cannot understand Ibsen at all."

The Next Time he called he brought her a Bunch of Violets and asked her if she read Maeterlinck.

"No; I think it is Very Silly," she replied.

Then the Man brought her a Box of Chocolates, remarking, "Sweets to the Sweet—do you not think Shakespeare was Right?"

The Woman saw that she was Making Progress. Now was her Time to Stop, but this she Did Not Perceive.

"Shakespeare?" said she. "Oh, yes, I have

read a little of His Works, but I do not see Much Sense in them, to tell the Truth."

"Nay, nay," said the Man, "this is Too Much. Not to Understand Ibsen shows that you are a Good Woman; to think Maeterlinck Silly augurs Well for your Intelligence; but not to see Much Sense in Shakespeare Implies that you are Uneducated."

And he did not Call Again.

This teaches us that it is Possible to Get Too Much of a Good Thing.

THE WOMAN WHO HELPED HER SISTER

THERE was once a Woman who had Read in a Book that the Best Way to Become Dear to a Man was to Cook appetizing Dishes for Him. Therefore when a Nice Man Called on Her it was Her Custom to Retire to the Dining-room and Compose Delicious Lunches in a Chafing-dish, leaving her Sister to Entertain the Man till her return. Her Sister would not Learn to Cook, because she did Not Care to.

One Day the Man invited the Woman to Go to the Theatre with him. This she would have Liked to do Very Much, but she Remembered What she had Read, and replied:

"I will Tell you Something Better. Take my Sister to the Theatre, and when you Come Home I will have a Nice Supper waiting For You."

"Oh, very Well!" said the Man. That eve-

ning he Fell in Love with the Sister, and Some Time Later he asked her to Marry him.

"But I Thought it was My Sister you Came to See," said she; "and besides, that I Fear I should Make a Poor Wife. I am Not Practical and I Cannot Cook."

"As to that," replied the Man, "I came at First, it is True, to see Your Sister, but I saw Very Little of her because she Stayed in the Dining-room so Much. So that I Grew to Admire You. And as for your Not Cooking, that is Easily Arranged. Your Sister can Live with Us and Manage All That very nicely."

This teaches us that you must Catch your Hare before you Cook for Him.

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A KISS IN THE RAIN

One stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown
I watched her as she tripped along
Till madness filled my brain,
And then—and then—I know 'twas wrong—
I kissed her in the rain'

With raindrops shining on her cheek
Like dewdrops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak,
My boldness to oppose;
She strove in vain, and quivering,
Her fingers stole in mine;
And then the birds began to sing,
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
My heart is light below;
'Tis always summer when we love,
However winds may blow;
And I'm as proud as any prince,
All honors I disdain:
She says I am her *rain beau* since
I kissed her in the rain.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

SAM WALTER FOSS

A MODERN MARTYRDOM

The Weverwend Awthur Murway Gween,
They say is verwy clevah;
And sister Wuth could heah him pweach,
Fohevah and fohevah
And I went down to heah him pweach,
With Wuth and my Annette,
Upon the bwave, hewoic deaths
The ancient mawtahs met;
And as he wepwesented them,
In all their acts and feachaws,
The ancient mawtahs, dontcherknow?
Were doocid clevah cweachaws.

But, aw deah me! They don't compah
In twue hewoic bwavewy,
To a bwave hewo fwiend of mine,
Young Montmowenci Averwy.
He earned foah dollahs everwy week,
And not another coppah;
But this bwave soul wesolved to dwess
Pwe-eminently pwoppah.
So this was all the food each day,
The bwave young cweachaw had—
One glaws of milk, a cigawette,
Foah cwackers, and some bwead.

A Modern Martyrdom

He lived on foahteen cents a day,
And cherwished one great passion:
The pwecious pwoject of his soul,
Of being dwessed in fashion,
But when he'd earned a suit entiah,
To his supweme chagwin,
Just then did shawt-tailed coats go out,
And long-tailed coats come in;
But naught could bweak his wigid will,
And now, I pway you, note,
That he gave up his glaws of milk
And bought a long-tailed coat.

But then the fashion changed once moah,
And bwought a gwievous plight;
It changed from twousers that are loose
To twousers that are tight.
Then his foah cwackers he gave up,
He just wenounced their use;
And changed to twousers that are tight
Fwom twousers that are loose.
And then the narwow-toed style shoes
To bwoad-toed changed instead;
Then he pwocured a bwoad-toed paih,
And gave up eating bwead.

Just then the bwoad-bwimmed style of hat
To narwow bwims gave way;
And so his twibulations gwew,
Incweasing everwy day.

But he pwocured a narwow bwim,
Of verwy stylish set;
But bwave, bwave soul! he had to dwop
His pwecious cigawette.
But now when his whole suit confohmed
To fashion's wegulation,
For lack of cwackers, milk, and bwead,
He perwished of stahvation.

Thus in his owah of victowy
He passed on to his west—
I weally nevah saw a cowpse
So fashionably dwessed.
My teahs above his well-dwessed clay
Fell like the spwingtime wains;
My eyes had nevah wested on
Such pwoppah dwessed wemains.
The ancient mawtahs—they were gwand
And glowious in their day;
But this bwave Montmowenci was
As gweat and gwand as they.

F. P. DUNNE ("Mr. Dooley")

WORK AND SPORT

"A HARD time th' rich have injyin' life," said Mr. Dooley.

"I'd thrade with thim," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I wud not," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis too much like hard wurruk. If I iver got hold iv a little mound iv th' money, divvle th' bit iv hardship wud I inflict on mesilf. I'd set on a large Turkish sofa an' have dancin' girls dancin' an' a mandolin orchesthree playin' to me. I wudden't move a step without bein' carrid. I'd go to bed with th' lark an' get up with th' night watchman. If annywan suggested physical exercise to me, I'd give him forty dollars to go away. I'd hire a prize fighter to do me fightin' f'r me, a pedesthreen to do me walkin" a jockey to do me ridin', an' a colledge pro-fissor to do me thinkin'. Here I'd set with a naygur fannin' me with osterich feathers, lookin' ca'mly out through me stained-glass windies on th' rollin'-mills, smokin' me good five-cint seegar an' rejicin' to know how bad ye mus' be feelin, ivery time ye think iv me hoorded wealth.

"But that ain't th' way it comes out, Hinnissy. Higgins, th' millyionaire, had th' same idee as me whin he was beginnin. to breed money with a dollar he ownded an' a dollar he took fr'm

some wan that wasn't there at th' time. While he was hammerin' hoops on a bar'l or dhrivin' pegs into a shoe, he'd stop wanst in awhile to wipe th' sweat off his brow whin th' boss wasn't lookin' an' he'd say to himsilf: 'If I iver get it, I'll have a man wheel me around on a chair.' But as his stable grows an' he herds large dhroves down to th' bank ivry week, he changes his mind, an' whin he's got enough to injye life, as they say, he finds he's up against it. His throubles has just begun. I know in his heart Higgins's ideel iv luxury is enough buckwheat cakes an' a cozy corner in a Turkish bath, but he can't injye it. He mus' be up an' doin'. An' th' on'y things annywan around him is up an' doin' is th' things he used to get paid f'r doin' whin he was a young man.

"Arly in th' mornin' Higgins has got to be out exercisin' a horse to keep th' horse in good health. Higgins has no business on a horse an' he knows it. He was built an' idycated f'r a cooper an' th' horse don't fit him. Th' nachral way f'r Higgins to ride a horse is to set well aft an' hang onto th' ears. But he's tol' that's wrong an' he's made to set up sthraight an' be a good fellow an' meet th' horse half way. An' if th' horse don't run away with Higgins an' kill him, he's tol' it's not a good horse an' he ought to sell it. An' mind ye, he pays f'r that though he can't help raymimberin' th' man nex' dure fr'm him used to get tin dollars a week f'r th' same job.

"When he was a young man, Higgins knowed a fellow that dhruv four horses f'r a brewery They paid him well, but he hated his job. He used to come in at night an' wish his parents had made him a cooper, an' Higgins pitied him, knowin' he cudden't get out a life insurance policy an' his wife was scared to death all th' time. Now that Higgins has got th' money, he's took th' brewery man's job with worse horses an' him barred f'm dhrivin' with more thin wan hand. An' does he get annything f'r it? On th' conth'ry, Hinnissy, it sets him back a large forchune. An' he says he's havin' a good time, an' if th' brewery man come along an' felt sorry f'r him Higgins wudden't exactly know why.

"Higgins has to sail a yacht raymimberin' how he despised th' Swede sailors that used to loaf in th' saloon near his house durin' th' winter; he has to run an autymobill, which is th' same thing as dhrivin' a throlley care on a windy day, without pay; he has to play golf, which is th' same thing as bein' a letther-carryer without a dacint uniform; he has to play tennis, which is another wurrud f'r batin' a carpet; he has to race horses, which is the same thing as bein' a bookmaker with th' chances again' ye; he has to go abroad, which is th' same thing as bein' an immigrant; he has to set up late, which is th' same thing as bein' a dhrug clerk; an' he has to play cards with a man that knows how, which is th' same thing as bein' a sucker

"He takes his good times hard, Hinnissy. A rich man at spoort is a kind iv non-union laborer. He don't get wages f'r it an' he don't dhrive as well as a milkman, ride as well as a stable-boy, shoot as well as a polisman, or autymobile as well as th' man that runs th' steam-roller. It's a tough life. They'se no rest f'r th' rich an' weary.

"We'll be readin' in th' pa-apers wan iv these days: 'Alonzo Higgins, th' runner up in las' year's champeenship, showed gr-reat improvement in this year's bricklayin' tournymint at Newport, an' won handily with about tin square feet to spare. He was nobly assisted by Regynald Van Stinyvant, who acted as his hod-carryer an' displayed all th' agility which won him so much applause arlier in th' year.

" 'Th' Pickaways carrid off all th' honors in th' sewer-diggin' contest yesterdah, defatin' th' Spadewells be five holes to wan. Th' shovel wurruk iv Cassidy th' banker was spicially noticeable. Th' colors iv th' Pickaways was red flannel undhershirts an' dark-brown trousers.

" 'Raycreations iv rich me: Jawn W. Grates an' J. Pierpont Morgan ar-re to have a five-days' shinglin' contest at Narragansett Pier. George Gold is thrainin' f'r th' autumn plumbin' jimkanny. Mitchigan Avnoo is tore up fr'm Van Buren Sthreet to th' belt line in priparation f'r th' contest in sthreet-layin' between mimbers iv th' Assocyation iv More-Thin-Rich

Spoorts. Th' sledge teams is completed, but a few good tampers an' wather men is needed.'

"An' why not, Hinnissy? If 'tis fun to wurruk why not do some rale wurruk? If 'tis spoort to run an autymobill, why not run a locymotive? If dhrivin' a horse in a cart is a game, why not dhrive a delivery wagon an' carry things around? Sure, I 'spose th' raison a rich man can't underhstand why wages shud go higher is because th' rich can't see why annybody shud be paid f'r annything so amusin' as wurruk. I bet ye Higgins is wondherin' at this moment why he was paid so much f'r puttin' rings around a bar'l.

"No, sir, what's a rich man's raycreation is a poor man's wurruk. Th' poor ar-re th' on'y people that know how to injye wealth. Me idee iv settin' things sthraight is to have th' rich who wurruk because they like it do th' wurruk f'r th' poor who wud rather rest. I'll be happy th' day I see wan iv th'. Hankerbilits pushin' ye'er little go-cart up th' platform while ye set in th' shade iv a three an' cheer him on his way. I'm sure he'd do it if ye called it a spoort an' tol him th' first man to th' dump wud be entitled to do it over again against sthronger men nex' week. Wud ye give him a tin cup that he cud put his name on? Wud ye, Hinnissy? I'm sure ye wud."

"Why do they do it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I dinnaw," said Mr. Dooley, "onless it is that th' wan great object iv ivry man's life is to

get tired enough to sleep. Ivrything seems to be some kind iv wurruk. Wurruk is wurruk if ye're paid to do it an' it's pleasure if ye pay to be allowed to do it."

A New Yorker who has spent time and money in developing carrier pigeons, and may be called Jones for short, was boasting at his club one night of the great flights that his pigeons had made, when Brown said, "I'll bet you the best dinner the club can furnish for every one present that you haven't got a pigeon that can fly from Philadelphia to New York." "It will be simply robbery," said Jones, "but I'll take your bet." Brown stipulated that he should carry the pigeon to Philadelphia himself, and he did. Before releasing the bird he clipped his wings, and then he returned to New York by a slow train. "Well, I released your pigeon in Philadelphia this morning," he said to Jones that night at the club; "has he returned yet?" "Not yet," said Jones. The next day Brown again asked Jones about the bird, and, when Jones admitted that his pigeon had not come back, claimed the bet. The owner of the pigeon said that he wouldn't admit defeat. The pigeon didn't show up on the second day; but on the third day, when Brown asked jeeringly "Isn't it about time for that supper? I don't suppose your pigeon has returned," Jones replied promptly, "Yes, he has: but—er—well his feet are very sore." Brown paid the bet.

THE FABLE OF THE CADDY WHO HURT HIS HEAD WHILE THINKING

One Day a Caddy sat in the Long Grass near the Ninth Hole and wondered if he had a Soul. His number was 27, and he almost had forgotten his Real Name.

As he sat and Meditated, two Players passed him. They were going the Long Round, and the Frenzy was upon them.

They followed the Gutta Percha Balls with the intent swiftness of trained Bird Dogs, and each talked feverishly of Brassy Lies, and getting past the Bunker, and Lofting to the Green, and Slicing into the Bramble—each telling his own Game to the Ambient Air, and ignoring what the other Fellow had to say.

As they did the St. Andrews Full Swing for eighty Yards apiece and then Followed Through with the usual Explanations of how it Happened, the Caddy looked at them and Reflected that they were much inferior to his Father.

His Father was too Serious a Man to get out in Mardi Gras Clothes and hammer a Ball from one Red flag to another.

His Father worked in a Lumber Yard.

He was an Earnest Citizen, who seldom Smiled, and he knew all about the Silver Question and how J. Pierpont Morgan done up a Free People on the Bond Issue.

The Caddy wondered why it was that his Father, a really Great Man, had to shove Lumber all day and could seldom get one Dollar to rub against another, while these superficial Johnnies who played Golf all the Time had Money to Throw at the Birds. The more he Thought the more his Head ached.

MORAL.—*Don't try to Account for Anything.*

GEORGE ADE.

IF this little world to-night
Suddenly should fall thro' space
In a hissing, headlong flight,
Shriveling from off its face,
As it falls into the sun,
In an instant every trace
Of the little crawling things—
Ants, philosophers, and lice,
Cattle, cockroaches, and kings,
Beggars, millionaires, and mice,
Men and maggots all as one
As it falls into the sun—
Who can say but at the same
Instant from some planet far
A child may watch us and exclaim:
"See the pretty shooting star!"

OLIVER HERFORD.

GEORGE V. HOBART

JOHN HENRY AT THE RACES

I WAS anxious to make Clara Jane think that she was all the money, so I boiled out a few plunks, trotted over to the trolley and rushed her to the race-track.

I'm a dub on the dope, but it was my play to be a Wise Boy among the skates on this particular occasion, and I went the whole distance.

In the presence of my lady love I knew every horse that ever pulled a harrow.

Isn't it cruel how a slob will cut the guy-ropes and go up in the air just because his Baby is by his side?

Me—to the mountain tops!

Before the car got started I was telling her how Pittsburg Phil and I won $18,000 last summer on a fried fish they called "Benzine."

Then I confided to her the fact that I doped a turtle named "Pink Toes" to win the next day but he went over the fence after a loose bunch of grass and I lost $23,680.

She wanted to know what I meant by dope, and I told her it generally meant a sour dream, but she didn't seem to grab.

When we got to the track they were bunching the bones for the first race, so I told Clara Jane

I'd thought I'd crawl down to the ring and plaster two or three thousand around among the needy. Two or three thousand, and me with nothing but a five-spot in my jeans and the return ticket money in that!

"Are you really going to bet?" she asked.

"Sure!" I said; "I've got a pipe!"

"Well, I hope you won't smoke it near me. I hate pipes!" she said.

"All right; I'll take my pipe down to the betting-ring and smoke it there!" I said, and we parted good friends.

In front of the grand stand I met Nash Martinetti.

He was holding a bunch of poppies and he picked out one in the first race and handed it to me.

"A skinch!" said Nash. "Go as far as you like."

Then Ned Rose went into a cataleptic state and handed me the winner—by a block. It couldn't go wrong unless its feet fell out.

"Here you are, John Henry, the real Pietro!" said Ban Roberts; "play Pump Handle straight and place! It's the road to wealth—believe me! All the others are behind the hill!"

Every Breezy Boy I met had a different hunch and they called me into the wharf and unloaded.

I figured it out that if I had bet $5 on each good thing they gave me I would have lost $400,000.

Then I ducked under, sopped up a stein of root beer and climbed up again to the hurricane deck.

"Did you bet?" inquired Clara Jane.

"Only $730," I said; "mere bag o' shells."

I leave a call for 7.30 every morning and I suppose that's the reason I was so swift with the figures.

"My! what a lot of money!" said the Fair One. "Do point out the horse you bet on! I shall be awfully interested in this race!"

Carlo! you're a bad dog—lie down!

I pointed out the favorite as the one I had my bundle on, and explained to Clara Jane that the only way it could lose was for some sorehead to get out and turn the track around.

Sure enough, the favorite galloped into port and dropped anchor six hours ahead of the other clams.

I win over $2,200—conversation money—and Bonnie Brighteyes was in a frenzy of delight.

She wanted to know if I wasn't going to be awfully careful with it and save it up for a rainy day.

I told her yes, but I expected we'd have a storm that afternoon.

I had a nervous chill for fear she'd declare herself in on the rake-off.

But she didn't, so I excused myself and backed down the ladder to cash in.

The boys were all out in the inquest room trying to find out what killed the dead ones.

Then they stopped apologizing to themselves and began to pick things out of the next race and push them up their sleeves.

I ran across Harry Maddy and he took me up to the roof with a line of talk about a horse called "Pretty Boy" in the last race.

"He'll be over 80 to 1 and it's a killing," Harry insisted. "Get down to the bank when the doors open and grab all you can. Take a satchel and the ice-tongs and haul it away."

I was beginning to be impressed.

"Put a fiver on Pretty Boy," Harry continued, "and you'll find yourself dropping over in the Pierp Morgan class before sundown."

"This may be a real Alexander," I said to myself.

"Pretty Boy can stop in the stretch to do a song and dance and still win by a bunch of houses," Harry informed me.

I began to think hard.

"Don't miss it," said Harry. "It's a moral that if you play him you'll die rich and disgraced, like our friend Andy, the Hoot Mon!"

When I got back to the stand I had a preoccupied air.

The five-spot in my jeans was crawling around and begging for a change of scene.

When Clara Jane asked me how much I had bet on the race just about to start I could only think of $900.

When she wanted to know which horse, I

pointed my finger at every toad on the track and said, "That one over there."

It won.

At the end of the third race I was $19,218 to the good.

Clara Jane had it down in black and white on the back of an envelope in figures that couldn't lie.

She said she was very proud of me, and that's where my finish bowed politely and stood waiting.

She told me that it was really very wrong to bet any more after such a run of luck, and made me promise that I wouldn't wring another dollar from the trembling hands of the poor bookmakers.

I promised, but she didn't notice that I had my fingers crossed.

I simply had to have a roll to flash on the way home, so I took my lonely V and went out into the Promise Land after the nuggets Maddy had put me wise to.

"It will be just like getting money from Uncle Peter," I figured.

"A small steak from Pretty Boy," I said to Wise Samuel, the bookmaker. "What's doing?"

Wise Samuel gave me the gay lookover.

"Take the ferry for Sioux Falls!" he said.

"Nix on the smart talk, Sammy!" I said "Me for the Pretty Boy! How much?"

"A bundle for a bite—you're on a cold plate!"

whispered Wise Samuel, but he couldn't throw me.

"I don't see any derricks to hoist the price with," I tapped him.

"Write your own ticket, then you to the woods!" said Sammy.

In a minute my fiver was up and I was on the card to win $500 when my cute one came romping home.

I went back to Clara Jane satisfied that in a few minutes I'd have a roll big enough to choke the tunnel.

"Not having any money on this race, you can watch it without the least excitement, can't you?" she said.

I said yes, and all the while I was scrapping with a lump in my throat the size of my fist.

When the horses got away with Pretty Boy in front I started in to stand on my head, but changed my mind and swallowed half the programme.

Pretty Boy at the quarter! Me for Rector's till they put the shutters up!

Pretty Boy at the half! Me down to Tiffany's in the morning dragging tiaras away in a dray!

Pretty Boy at the three-quarter pole! Me doing the free library gag all over the place!

But just as they came in the stretch Pretty Boy forgot something and went back after it.

The roach quit me cold at the very door of the safety deposit vaults.

I was under the water a long time.

Finally I heard Clara Jane saying, "Isn't it lucky you didn't bet on this race. I believe you would have picked that foolish-looking horse that stopped over there to bite the fence!'

"I'm done! Turn me over!" I murmured, and then I rushed down among the ramblers and made a swift touch for the price of a couple of rides home.

On the way back Clara Jane made me promise again that I'd be awfully, awfully careful of my $19,218.

I promised her I would.

Years ago Joaquin Miller was journeying on foot, and was overtaken by an honest countryman, who took him up on his loaded wagon and gave him a long ride. Tired at length of conversation, the poet took a novel from his pocket, and pored over it long and silently.

"What are you reading?" said the countryman.

"A novel of Bret Harte's," said Mr. Miller,

"Well, now, I don't see how an imoortal being wants to be wasting his time with such stuff."

"Are you quite sure," said the poet, "that I am an immortal being?"

"Of course you are."

"If that be the case," responded Miller, "I don't see why I should be so very economical of my time."

TWO FISHERS

One morning when spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sun-tan's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—*vice versa.*

I with my rod, my reel and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat us down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter.
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited,
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time of departure came,
My bag hung flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-fifty-pounder.

Anonymous.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In letters large upon a frame,
That visitors might see,
The painter placed his humble name:
O'Callaghan McGee.

And from Beersheba unto Dan,
The critics with a nod
Exclaimed: "This painting Irishman
Adores his native sod.

"His stout heart's patriotic flame
There's naught on earth can quell;
He takes no wild romantic name
To make his pictures sell!"

Then poets praised in sonnets neat
His stroke so bold and free;
No parlor wall was thought complete
That hadn't a McGee.

All patriots before McGee
Threw lavishly their gold;
His works in the Academy
Were very quickly sold.

His "Digging Clams at Barnegat,"
His "When the Morning Smiled,"
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"
His "Portrait of a Child,"

Were purchased in a single day
And lauded as divine.

. . . . . .

That night as in his *atelier*
The artist sipped his wine,

And looked upon his gilded frames,
He grinned from ear to ear:
"They little think my *real* name's
V. Stuyvesant De Vere!"

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

The obsequiousness of inferiors, who hope to advance themselves by being exceedingly polite to their masters, sometimes takes queer forms.

A certain chief of a government bureau was invited, with others, to dine at the table of the member of the Cabinet who was at the time his superior.

During the dinner the bureau chief, who happened to be placed between a door and a window, and who had said nothing at all, began to sneeze.

"Are you taking cold, Mr. B.?" asked the member of the Cabinet.

"I believe I have that honor and pleasure, sir!" answered the other, bowing very respectfully.

ROBERT HENRY NEWELL

THE AMERICAN TRAVELER

To Lake Aghmoogenegamook
All in the State of Maine,
A man from Wittequergaugaum came
One evening in the rain.

"I am a traveler," said he,
"Just started on a tour,
And go to Nomjamskillicook
To-morrow morn at four."

He took a tavern bed that night,
And, with the morrow's sun,
By way of Sekledobskus went,
With carpet-bag and gun.

A week passed on, and next we find
Our native tourist come
To that sequestered village called
Genasagarnagum.

From thence he went to Absequoit,
And there—quite tired of Maine—
He sought the mountains of Vermont,
Upon a railroad train.

Dog Hollow, in the Green Mount State,
Was his first stopping-place;

And then Skunk's Misery displayed
Its sweetness and its grace.

By easy stages then he went
To visit Devil's Den;
And Scrabble Hollow, by the way,
Did come within his ken.

Then *via* Nine Holes and Goose Green,
He traveled through the State;
And to Virginia, finally,
Was guided by his fate.

Within the Old Dominion's bounds,
He wandered up and down;
To-day at Buzzard's Roost ensconced,
To-morrow at Hell Town.

At Pole Cat, too, he spent a week,
Till friends from Bull Ring came,
And made him spend a day with them
In hunting forest game.

Then, with his carpet-bag in hand,
To Dog Town next he went;
Though stopping at Free Negro Town,
Where half a day he spent.

From thence, into Negationburg
His route of travel lay;
Which having gained, he left the State,
And took a southward way

North Carolina's friendly soil
He trod at fall of night,
And, on a bed of softest down,
He slept at Hell's Delight.

Morn found him on the road again,
To Lousy Level bound;
At Bull's Tail, and Lick Lizard, too,
Good provender he found.

The country all about Pinch Gut
So beautiful did seem
That the beholder thought it like
A picture in a dream.

But the plantations near Burnt Coat
Were even finer still,
And made the wondering tourist feel
A soft, delicious thrill.

At Tear Shirt, too, the scenery
Most charming did appear,
With Snatch It in the distance far,
And Purgatory near.

But, spite of all these pleasant scenes,
The tourist stoutly swore
That home is brightest, after all,
And travel is a bore.

So back he went to Maine, straightway;
A little wife he took;
And now is making nutmegs at
Moosehicmagunticook.

WILLIAM J. KOUNTZ, JR.
("Billy Baxter")

IN SOCIETY

PITTSBURG, PA., Feb. 1, 1899.

Dear Jim: There is no new scandal worth mentioning. What I started to write you about was Hemingway's duplicate whist party which was pulled off last night. I had a bid, and as there was nothing else stirring, I put on that boy's-size dress suit of mine and blew out there. Jim, you know the signs you see on the dummies in front of these little Yiddisher stores, "Take me home for $10.98," or "I used to be $6.21, now I'm yours for $3.39." Well, that's your Uncle Bill in a dress suit. Every one takes me for a waiter.

I have just been thinking this society push over, and I have come to the conclusion that an active leader in society has more troubles than a man in the wheat pit, and a man in the wheat pit is long on troubles about as often as he is on wheat. If you don't believe it, ask Joe Leiter. He was long on both at the same time.

Take the woman who uses fair English and has coin, and let her display the same good cold judgment that has made her husband successful in business, and some rainy Thursday morning the four hundred will wake up and find

a new member has joined the order. While she is on her way she'll get many a frost, but after she lands she'll even up on the other candidates.

I have heard it said that locomotive engineers as a rule suffer from kidney troubles, caused by the jolting and bumping of the engine. If jolts and bumps go for anything, some of these people who are trying to break into society must have Bright's Disease something grievous.

Jim, if you have never been to a duplicate whist party, see some of those people play whist and then order your shroud. Last night for a partner I drew an old girl who was a Colonial Dame because her ancestors on both sides had worked on the Old Colony Railroad. She must have taken a foolish powder or something, just before she left home, as she was clean to the bad. She had to be called five minutes before each play, and the way she trumped my ace the first time around was enough to drive a person dippy. Once she mentioned her husband's diamond-studded airship. Poor old lady! Probably took a double dose by mistake. How careless!

Everybody was making a great fuss over some girl who is lecturing throughout the country on "Man as Woman Sees Him." Talk about lavish eyes. My boy! my boy! but this dame was there with the swell lamps. A hundred-candle-power easily. I tried to sit up to her, but there was nothing doing. I might have known I was a dead one. Because why?

Because Mr. Percy Harold was talking to her, and he knows all about rare china, real old lace, and such things. When I came up the subject was Du Bois's Messe de Mariage. (Spelling not guaranteed.) I asked about it this morning, Jim. A Messe de Mariage seems to be some kind of a wedding march, and a bishop who is a real hot dog won't issue a certificate unless the band plays the Messe. Mr. Percy Harold kept right on talking about Jack Hayes being so desperately in love with Mrs. Hardy-Steele, and how late they were getting home from the Opera the other night, and what a shame it was, as Mr. Steele seemed like such a nice fellow. There I stood like a Harlem goat. I couldn't cut in, because I have so many troubles of my own getting home from any place at all that I haven't time to keep tab on other people. I must be as slow getting onto a scandal as the injured husband. If 15,000 people know something about a woman, my number is 14,999, and the husband's number is 15,000. It seems strange, but the husband always seems to get wise last.

But to return to the girl with the electric eyes. I hung around in that sad dress suit like a big dub, hoping that the conversation would finally get switched to theatres or dogs or sparring, or something where I could make good, but Mr. Harold had the floor, and he certainly had me looking like a dirty deuce in a new deck. I stood for him till he suddenly exclaimed

"Oh, fudge!" because he had forgotten one of his rings, and there was where I took to the tall timbers. If I were a ring I wouldn't let a guy like that wear me. Now will you kindly tell me why it is that a girl will throw a good fellow down every time for one of those Lizzie boys? If I thought there were enough men in the country who feel as I do I would start "The American Union for the Suppression of Lizzie Boys."

Well, I decided to git into my class, so I started for the smoking-room. I hadn't gone three feet till some woman held me up and began telling me how she adored grand opera. I didn't even reply. I flew madly and remained hidden in the tall grasses of the smoking-room until it was time to go home. Jim, should any one ever tell you that grand opera is all right, he is either trying to even up or he is not a true friend. I was over in New York with the family last winter, and they made me go with them to "Die Walküre" at the Metropolitan Opera House. When I got the tickets I asked the man's advice as to the best location. He said that all true lovers of music occupied the dress-circle and balconies, and that he had some good centre dress-circle seats at three bones per. Here's a tip, Jim. If the box man ever hands you that true-lover game, just reach in through the little hole and soak him in the solar for me. It's coming to him. I'll give you my word of honor we were a quarter of

a mile from the stage. We went up in an elevator, were shown to our seats, and who was right behind us but my old pal, Bud Hathaway, from Chicago. Bud had his two sisters with him, and he gave me one sad look which said plainer than words, "So you're up against it, too, eh?" We introduced all hands around, and about nine o'clock the curtain went up. After we had waited fully ten minutes, out came a big, fat, greasy-looking Dago with nothing on but a bear robe. He went over to the side of the stage and sat down on a bum rock. It was plainly to be seen, even from my true-lover's seat, that his bearlets was sorer than a dog about something. Presently in came a woman, and none of the true lovers seemed to know who she was. Some said it was Melba, others Nordica. Bud and I decided it was May Irwin. We were mistaken, though, as Irwin has this woman lashed to the mast at any time or place. As soon as Mike the Dago espied the dame it was all off. He rushed, and drove a straight-arm jab, which, had it reached, would have given him the purse. But Shifty Sadie wasn't there. She ducked, side-stepped, and landed a clever half-arm hook which seemed to stun the big fellow. They clenched, and swayed back and forth, growling continually, while the orchestra played this trembly Eliza-crossing-the-ice music. Jim, I'm not swelling this a bit. On the level, it happened just as I write it. All of a sudden some one seemed to win. They broke away.

and ran wildly to the front of the stage with their arms outstretched, yelling to beat three of a kind. The band cut loose something fierce. The leader tore out about nine dollars' worth of hair and acted generally as though he had bats in his belfry. I thought sure the place would be pinched. It reminded me of Thirsty Thornton's dance hall out in Merrill, Wisconsin, when the Silent Swede used to start a general survival of the fittest every time Mamie the Mink danced twice in succession with the young fellow from Albany, whose father owned the big mill up Rough River. Of course, this audience was perfectly orderly, and showed no intention whatever of cutting in, and there were no chairs or glasses in the air, but I am forced to admit that the opera had Thornton's faded for noise. I asked Bud what the trouble was, and he answered that I could search him. The audience apparently went wild. Everybody said "Simply sublime!" "Isn't it grand?" "Perfectly superb!" "Bravo!" etc., not because they really enjoyed it, but merely because they thought it was the proper thing to do. After that for three solid hours Rough House Mike and Shifty Sadie seemed to be apologizing to the audience for their disgraceful street brawl, which was honestly the only good thing in the show. Along about twelve o'clock I thought I would talk over old times with Bud, but when I turned his way I found my tried and trusty comrade "Asleep at the Switch."

At the finish the woman next to me, who seemed to be on, said that the main lady was dying. After it was too late, Mike seemed kind of sorry. He must have given her the knife, or the drops, because there wasn't a minute that he could look in on her according to the rules. He laid her out on the bum rock, they set off a lot of red fire for some unknown reason, and the curtain dropped at 12:25. Never again for my money. Far be it from me knocking, but any time I want noise I'll take to a boiler-shop or a Union Station, where I can understand what's coming off. I'm for a good mother show. Do you remember "The White Slave," Jim? Well, that's me. Wasn't it immense where the main lady spurned the villain's gold and exclaimed with flashing eye, "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake." Great! "The White Slave" has "Die Walküre" beaten to a pulp, and they don't get to you for three cases gate money, either.

Say, Jim, if you ever happen to be hunting around for a real true old sport, don't overlook General Hemingway, last evening's host. When it comes to warm propositions he is certainly the bell-cow. They all follow him. He is one of those fat, bald-headed old boys who at one time has had the smallpox so badly that he looks as though he had lost a lot of settings out of his face. He hustled for about twenty years, harnessed up a bunch of money, and now his life is one continual crimson sunset. Some

people know when they have enough, but when the old General has enough he doesn't know anything. Smoke up! Jim, I didn't get that one myself the first time I heard it. Every time the General gets lit up he places his arm around your shoulder, puts his face close to yours, blows ashes in your eyes, and tells you confidentially, so that every one in Texas can hear him, that he knew your father when the seat of his trousers was ragged and he didn't have one dollar to rub against another. I don't mind that so much, but every time he comes to a word with the letter *P* in it he spits all over a fellow. Why, the other night he was telling me about our newly acquired *P*ossessions, the *P*hilippines, being a land of *P*erpetual *P*lenty, and for awhile I thought I was in the natatorium. Under the circumstances I don't know which would be more desirable, a plumber for the General or a mackintosh for myself.

Yours as ever,

BILLY.

P. S.—Jim, you know those little white checks they issue in some bars and you pay at the cashier's desk? Well, one of the boys just telephoned me that he saw Johnny Black in a downtown place with a beautiful sosh on, and that he was eating his checks because he was broke. He had swallowed five checks amounting to $2.30 before the bartender tumbled. That's a new one on me, and it's all right. My! but that boy Johnny is a sincere drinker.

E. S. MARTIN

EPITHALAMIUM

The marriage bells have rung their peal,
The wedding march has told its story.
I've seen her at the altar kneel
In all her stainless, virgin glory;
She's bound to honor, love, obey,
Come joy or sorrow, tears or laughter.
I watched her as she rode away,
And flung the lucky slipper after.

She was my first, my very first,
My earliest inamorata,
And to the passion that I nursed
For her I well-nigh was a martyr.
For I was young and she was fair,
And always bright and gay and chipper,
And, oh, she wore such sunlit hair!
Such silken stockings! such a slipper!

She did not wish to make me mourn—
She was the kindest of God's creatures;
But flirting was in her inborn,
Like brains and queerness in the Beechers.
I do not fear your heartless flirt,
Obtuse her dart and dull her probe is;
But when girls do not mean to hurt,
But *do*—*Orate tunc pro nobis!*

Epithalamium

A most romantic country place;
The moon at full, the month of August;
An inland lake across whose face
Played gentle zephyrs, ne'er a raw gust.
Books, boats and horses to enjoy,
The which was all our occupation;
A damsel and a callow boy—
There! now you have the situation.

We rode together miles and miles,
My pupil she, and I her Chiron;
At home I reveled in her smiles
And read her extracts out of Byron.
We roamed by moonlight, chose our stars
(I thought it most authentic billing),
Explored the woods, climbed over bars,
Smoked cigarettes and broke a shilling.

An infinitely blissful week
Went by in this Arcadian fashion;
I hesitated long to speak,
But ultimately breathed my passion.
She said her heart was not her own;
She said she'd love me like a sister;
She cried a little (not alone),
I begged her not to fret, and—kissed her.

I lost some sleep, some pounds in weight,
A deal of time and all my spirits,
And much, how much I dare not state,
I mused upon that damsel's merits.

I tortured my unhappy soul,
I wished I never might recover;
I hoped her marriage bells might toll
A requiem for her faithful lover.

And now she's married, now she wears
A wedding ring upon her finger;
And I—although it odd appears—
Still in the flesh I seem to linger.
Lo, there my swallow-tail, and here
Lies by my side a wedding favor;
Beside it stands a mug of beer,
I taste it—how divine its flavor!

I saw her in her bridal dress
Stand pure and lovely at the altar;
I heard her firm response—that "Yes,"
Without a quiver or a falter.
And here I sit and drink to her
Long life and happiness, God bless her!
Now fill again. No heel taps, sir;
Here's to—Success to her successor!

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JAMES L. FORD

THE DYING GAG

THERE was an affecting scene on the stage of a New York theatre the other night—a scene invisible to the audience and not down on the bills, but one far more touching and pathetic than anything enacted before the footlights that night, although it was a minstrel company that gave the entertainment.

It was a wild, blustering night, and the wind howled mournfully around the street corners, blinding the pedestrians with the clouds of dust that it caught up from the gutters and hurled into their faces.

Old man Sweeny, the stage doorkeeper, dozing in his little glazed box, was awakened by a sudden gust that banged the stage door and then went howling along the corridor, almost extinguishing the gas-jets and making the minstrels shiver in their dressing-rooms.

"What! You here to-night!" exclaimed old man Sweeny, as a frail figure, muffled up in a huge ulster, staggered through the doorway and stood leaning against the wall, trying to catch his breath.

"Yes; I felt that I couldn't stay away from the footlights to-night. They tell me I'm old and worn out and had better take a rest, but

I'll go on till I drop," and with a hollow cough the Old Gag plodded slowly down the dim and drafty corridor and sank wearily on a sofa in the big dressing room, where the other Gags and Conundrums were awaiting their cues.

"Poor old fellow!" said one of them, sadly "He can't hold out much longer."

"He ought not to go on except at matinees," replied another veteran, who was standing in front of the mirror trimming his long, silvery beard, and just then an attendant came in with several basins of gruel, and the old Jests tucked napkins under their chins and sat down to partake of a little nourishment before going on.

The bell tinkled and the entertainment began. One after another the Jokes and Conundrums heard their cues, went on, and returned to the dressing-room; for they all had to go on again in the after-piece. The house was crowded to the dome, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the vast audience as one after another of the old Quips and Jests that had been treasured household words in many a family came on and then disappeared to make room for others of their kind.

As the evening wore on the whisper ran through the theatre that the Old Gag was going on that night—perhaps for the last time; and many an eye grew dim, many a pulse beat quicker at the thought of listening once more to that hoary Jest, about whose head were clustered so many sacred memories.

Meanwhile the Old Gag was sitting in his corner of the dressing-room, his head bowed on his breast, his gruel untasted on the tray before him. The other Gags came and went, but he heeded them not. His thoughts were far away. He was dreaming of old days, of his early struggles for fame, and of his friends and companions of years ago. "Where are they now?" he asked himself, sadly. "Some are wanderers on the face of the earth, in comic operas. Two of them found ignoble graves in the 'Tourists' company. Others are sleeping beneath the daisies in Harper's 'Editor's Drawer.'"

"You're called, sir!"

The Old Gag awoke from his reverie, started to his feet, and, throwing aside his heavy ulster, staggered to the entrance and stood there patiently waiting for his cue.

"You're hardly strong enough to go on to-night," said a Merry Jest, touching him kindly on the arm; but the gray-bearded one shook him off, saying hoarsely:

"Let be! Let be! I must read those old lines once more—it may be for the last time."

And now a solemn hush fell upon the vast audience as a sad-faced minstrel uttered in tear compelling accents the most pathetic words in all the literature of minstrelsy:

"And so you say, Mr. Johnson, that all the people on the ship were perishing of hunger, and yet you were eating fried eggs. How do you account for that?"

For one moment a deathlike silence prevailed. Then the Old Gag stepped forward and in clear, ringing tones replied:

"The ship lay to, and I got one."

A wild, heartrending sob came from the audience and relieved the tension as the Old Gag staggered back into the entrance and fell into the friendly arms that were waiting to receive him.

Sobbing Conundrums bore him to a couch in the dressing-room. Weeping Jokes strove in vain to bring back the spark of life to his inanimate form. But all to no avail.

The Old Gag was dead.

At a Georgia rural camp-meeting, recently, the preacher who was leading the services touched on the war with Spain, and, stopping suddenly in the sermon, called to an old colored brother in the congregation:

"Br'er Williams, I'm gwine to ax you ter git right down on yo' knees en pray fer de success er de American arms!"

Br'er Williams got "down" immediately, and in the course of his petition he said:

"Oh, Lawd, he'p de American arms; an' Lawd, whilst you lookin' atter de arms, take keer er de legs, too! Don't fergit de legs, good Lawd, 'kase we gwine need 'em ter run wid! Take de arms, ef you must, but—spare de legs, Lawd, spare de legs!"

SIMEON FORD

THE DISCOMFORTS OF TRAVEL

It is conceded that there is nothing more educating and refining than travel. It is also conceded that nothing is more conducive to travel than free passes. You can now understand why I am so highly educated and so refined.

I know of nothing which so enhances the pleasure of a railroad trip as a pass. It smooths out all the asperities and fatigues of the journey. "It maketh glad the wilderness and the solitary places, and maketh the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose." I have often risen up and left a comfortable fireside, kind friends and solicitous creditors and journeyed to remote and cheerless localities in which I was quite uninterested, lured thereto by the magic influence of a pass. You all know how Svengali hypnotized poor Trilby, simply by a few passes.

The immortal poet, Longfellow, was 'way off when he wrote:

> "Try not to pass," the old man said:
> "Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
> The roaring torrent is deep and wide."
> And loud that clarion voice replied—
> "Excelsior."

Now the old man probably advised the youth not to try the pass, because he knew if he did and got one he would never be asked to pay fare again without feeling that an outrage was being perpetrated on him. The opium habit is a positive virtue compared with the pass habit. The fact that one is in no way entitled to free transportation only stimulates one in the desire to ride at some other fellow's expense.

One of the most dangerous laws we have is the one forbidding office-holders to accept passes. It keeps our leading citizens out of politics. Some one said (in a moment of temporary aberration of mind) that he'd "rather be right than President;" but I'd rather have an annual on the New York Central than be an Assemblyman in the tents of wickedness. (That's another Biblical quotation.)

The only drawback about using a pass (in addition to the loss of your self-respect) is the harrowing thought, which constantly hovers over you that in case of accident your mangled remains will be of no cash value to your afflicted family. It is a safe plan when traveling on a pass to spend a portion of your ill-gotten gains on an insurance policy. Then in case of accident your last moments will be soothed by the thought that you have beaten the game both ways.

But inasmuch as I have never succeeded in worming a pass out of the sleeping-car people,

I feel at liberty to make a few remarks on that branch of the railroad service, not in a carping spirit, but more in sorrow than in anger.

It is frequently remarked (especially in advertisements) that travel in our palace cars is the acme of comfort and luxury, and I guess they are about as perfect as they can be made and still pay dividends on diluted stock; and yet, after a night in one, I always feel as if I had been through a severe attack of *cholera infantum*.

In winter, especially, the question of temperature is trying. The mercury, soon after you start, bounds up to one hundred and ten degrees in the shade. You endure this until you melt off several pounds of hard-earned flesh and then you muster up courage to press the button. You "keep a-pushin' and a-shovin'" until you lay the foundation of a felon on the end of your finger, and finally the dusky Ethiopian reluctantly emerges from his place of concealment and gazes at you scornfully. You suggest that the temperature is all right for "India's Coral Strand," but is too ardent to be compatible with Jaeger hygienic underwear. Whereupon he removes the roof, sides and bottom of the car and the mercury falls to three below zero, while you sit there and freeze to death, not daring to again disturb him lest you sink still further in his estimation.

That night he gets square with you for your temerity by making up your berth last; and when, at three A. M., you finally retire, you

wonder why you didn't sit up and doze instead of going to bed to lie wide awake.

Some folks sleep in sleeping-cars—any one who has ears can swear to that—but I am not so gifted. I attribute this mainly to the blankets (so-called!). Bret Harte says a sleeping-car blanket is of the size and consistency of a cold buckwheat cake, and sets equally as well upon you. Certainly they are composed of some weird, uncanny substance, hot in summer, cold in winter, and maddening in spring and fall. For a man of three foot six they are of ample proportions; for a man six foot three they leave much to be desired, and the tall man is kept all night in suspense as to whether he had best pull up the blanket and freeze his feet or pull it down and die of pneumonia.

And then the joy of getting your clothes on in the morning, especially in an upper berth! To balance yourself on the back of your neck and while in this constrained attitude to adjust one's pants, without spilling out one's change or offending the lady in the adjoining section, requires gymnastic ability of no mean order. You are at liberty to vary this exercise, however, by lying on your stomach on the bottom of the car, and groping under the berth for your shoes which the African potentate has, in the still watches of the night, smeared with blacking and artfully concealed.

But what a change comes o'er the dusky despot as you approach your destination.

That frown before which you have learned to tremble is replaced by a smile of childlike blandness. His solicitation regarding you comfort during the last ten minutes of the journey is really touching. And when, at last, he draws his deadly whiskbroom upon you, all your resentment disappears, and you freely bestow upon him the money which you have been saving up to give your oldest daughter music lessons.

Little Bobby began attending church regularly a few weeks ago, but it was not thought that the services had particularly impressed him, as the only effect on him noticed by the family was that the sermon merely acted as a soporific.

Last Sunday, however, Bobby must have remained awake longer than usual. The sermon was on the wonders of the Creation, particularly the miraculous origin of Eve. The next day an unusually active game of tag resulted in Bobby's running into the house, and, with an expression of combined anguish and terror, calling to his mamma:

"Oh, mamma! I've an awful pain in my side. Say, mamma! You don't suppose I'm going to have a wife, do you?"

METAPHYSICS

WHY and Wherefore set out one day
To hunt for a wild negation.
They agreed to meet at a cool retreat
On the point of Interrogation.

But the night was dark and they missed their mark,
And, driven wellnigh to distraction,
They lost their ways in a murky maze
Of utter abstruse abstraction.

Then they took a boat and were soon afloat
On a sea of Speculation,
But the sea grew rough, and their boat, though tough,
Was split into an Equation.

As they floundered about in the waves of doubt
Rose a fearful hypothesis,
Who gibbered with glee as they sank in the sea.
And the last they saw was this:

On a rock-bound reef of Unbelief
There sat the wild Negation;
Then they sank once more and were washed ashore
At the Point of Interrogation.

OLIVER HERFORD.

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CURE FOR HOMESICKNESS

She wrote to her daddy in Portland, Maine,
from out in Denver, Col.,
And she wrote, alas! despondently that life had
commenced to pall;
And this was a woful, woful case, for she was a
six-months' bride,
Who was won and wed in the State of Maine by
the side of the bounding tide.
And ah, alack, she was writing back, that she
longed for Portland, Maine,
Till oh, her feelings had been that wrenched she
could hardly stand the strain!
Though her hubby dear was still sincere, she
sighed the livelong day
For a good old sniff of the sewers and salt from
the breast of Casco Bay,
And she wrote she sighed, and she said she'd
cried, and her appetite fell off,
And she'd grown as thin's a belaying pin, with a
terrible hacking cough;
And she sort of hinted that pretty soon she'd
start on a reckless scoot
And hook for her home in Portland, Maine, by
the very shortest route.
But her daddy dear was a man of sense, and he
handles fish wholesale,
And he sat and fanned himself awhile with a big
broad codfish tail.

And he recollected the way he felt when he dwelt
in the World's Fair Whirl,
He slapped his head. "By hake," he said, "I
know what ails that girl."
And he went to a ten-cord pile of cod and he
pulled the biggest out,
A jib-shaped critter, broad's a sail—three feet
from tail to snout.
And he pasted a sheet of postage stamps from
snout clear down to tail
Put on a quick-delivery stamp, and sent the cod
by mail.
She smelled it a-coming two blocks off on the top
of the postman's pack;
She rushed to meet him, and scared him blind
by climbing the poor man's back.
But she got the fish, bit out a hunk, ate postage
stamps and all,
And a happy wife in a happy home lives out in
Denver, Col.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

GEORGE ADE

THE FABLE OF THE TWO MANDOLIN PLAYERS AND THE WILLING PERFORMER

A VERY attractive Débutante knew two young Men who called on her every Thursday Evening and brought their Mandolins along.

They were Conventional Young Men, of the Kind that you see wearing Spring Overcoats in the Clothing Advertisements. One was named Fred and the other was Eustace.

The Mothers of the Neighborhood often remarked, "What Perfect Manners Fred and Eustace have!" Merely as an aside, it may be added that Fred and Eustace were more Popular with the Mothers than they were with the Younger Set, although no one could say a Word against either of them. Only, it was rumored in Keen Society that they didn't Belong. The fact that they went Calling in a Crowd, and took their Mandolins along, may give the Acute Reader some Idea of the Life that Fred and Eustace held out to the Young Women of their Acquantiance.

The Débutante's name was Myrtle. Her Parents were very Watchful, and did not encourage her to receive Callers, except such as

were known to be Exemplary Young Men Fred and Eustace were a few of those who escaped the Black List. Myrtle always appeared to be glad to see them, and they regarded her as a Darned Swell Girl.

Fred's Cousin came from St. Paul on a Visit; and one Day, in the Street, he saw Myrtle, and noticed that Fred tipped his Hat, and gave her a Stage Smile.

"Oh, Queen of Sheba!" exclaimed the Cousin from St. Paul, whose name was Gus, as he stood stock still and watched Myrtle's Reversible Plaid disappear around a Corner. "She's a Bird. Do you know her well?"

"I know her Quite Well," replied Fred coldly. "She is a Charming Girl."

"She is all of that. You're a great Describer. And now what Night are you going to take me around to Call on her?"

Fred very naturally Hemmed and Hawed. It must be remembered that Myrtle was a member of an Excellent Family, and had been schooled in the Proprieties, and it was not to be supposed that she would crave the Society of slangy old Gus, who had an abounding Nerve, and furthermore was as Fresh as the Mountain Air.

He was the Kind of fellow who would see a Girl twice, and then, upon meeting her the Third Time, he would go up and straighten her Cravat for her and call her by her First Name.

Put him into a Strange Company—en route

GEORGE ADE

to a Picnic—and by the time the Baskets were unpacked he would have a Blonde all to himself and she would have traded her Fan for his College Pin.

If a Fair-Looker on the Street happened to glance at him Hard he would run up and seize her by the Hand and convince her that they had Met. And he always Got Away with it, too.

In a Department Store, while waiting for the Cash Boy to come back with the Change, he would find out the Girl's Name, her Favorite Flower, and where a Letter would reach her.

Upon entering a Parlor Car at St. Paul he would select a Chair next to the Most Promising One in Sight, and ask her if she cared to have the Shade lowered.

Before the Train cleared the Yards he would have the Porter bringing a Foot Stool for the Lady.

At Hastings he would be asking her if she wanted Something to Read.

At Red Wing he would be telling her that she resembled Maxine Elliott, and showing her his Watch, left to him by his Grandfather, a Prominent Virginian.

At La Crosse he would be reading the Menu Card to her, and telling her how different it is when you have Some One to join you in a Bite.

At Milwaukee he would go out and buy a Bouquet for her, and when they rode into Chicago they would be looking out of the same Window, and he would be arranging for her

Baggage with the Transfer Man. After that they would be Old Friends.

Now, Fred and Eustace had been at School with Gus, and they had seen his Work, and they were not disposed to Introduce him into One of the most Exclusive Homes in the City.

They had known Myrtle for many Years; but they did not dare to Address her by her First Name, and they were Positive that if Gus attempted any of his usual Tactics with her she would be Offended; and, naturally, enough, they would be Blamed for bringing him to the House.

But Gus insisted. He said he had seen Myrtle, and she Suited him from the Ground up, and he proposed to have Friendly Doings with her. At last they told him they would take him if he promised to Behave. Fred warned him that Myrtle would frown down any Attempt to be Familiar on Short Acquaintance, and Eustace said that as long as he had known Myrtle he had never Presumed to be Free and Forward with her. He had simply played the Mandolin. That was as Far Along as he had ever got.

Gus told them not to Worry about him. All he asked was a Start. He said he was a Willing Performer, but as yet he never had been Disqualified for Crowding. Fred and Eustace took this to mean that he would not Overplay his Attentions, so they escorted him to the House.

As soon as he had been Presented, Gus showed her where to sit on the Sofa, then he placed himself about Six Inches away and began to Buzz, looking her straight in the Eye. He said that when he first saw her he Mistook her for Miss Prentice, who was said to be the Most Beautiful Girl in St. Paul, only, when he came closer, he saw that it couldn't be Miss Prentice, because Miss Prentice didn't have such Lovely Hair. Then he asked her the Month of her Birth and told her Fortune, thereby coming nearer to Holding her Hand within Eight Minutes than Eustace had come in a Lifetime.

"Play something, Boys," he Ordered, just as if he had paid them Money to come along and make Music for him.

They unlimbered their Mandolins and began to play a Sousa March. He asked Myrtle if she had seen the New Moon. She replied that she had not, so they went Outside.

When Fred and Eustace finished the first Piece, Gus appeared at the open Window and asked them to play "The Georgia Camp-Meeting," which had always been one of his Favorites.

So they played that, and when they had Concluded there came a Voice from the Outer Darkness, and it was the Voice of Myrtle. She said, "I'll tell you what to play; play the 'Intermezzo.'"

Fred and Eustace exchanged Glances. They began to Perceive that they had been backed

into a Siding. With a few Potted Palms in front of them, and two Cards from the Union, they would have been just the same as a Hired Orchestra.

But they played the "Intermezzo" and felt Peevish. Then they went to the Window and looked out. Gus and Myrtle were sitting in the Hammock, which had quite a Pitch toward the Centre. Gus had braced himself by Holding to the back of the Hammock. He did not have his Arm around Myrtle, but he had it Extended in a Line parallel with her Back. What he had done wouldn't Justify a Girl in saying "Sir!" but it started a Real Scandal with Fred and Eustace. They saw that the only Way to Get Even with her was to go Home without saying "Good-Night."

So they slipped out the Side Door, shivering with Indignation.

After that, for several Weeks, Gus kept Myrtle so Busy that she had no Time to think of considering other Candidates. He sent Books to her Mother, and allowed the Old Gentleman to take Chips away from him at Poker.

They were Married in the Autumn, and Father-in-Law took Gus into the Firm, saying that he had needed a good Pusher for a Long Time.

At the Wedding the two Mandolin Players were permitted to act as Ushers.

MORAL.—*To get a fair Trial of Speed, use a Pace-Maker.*

A POE-'EM OF PASSION

It was many and many a year ago,
On an island near the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you mightn't know
By the name of Cannibalee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than a passionate fondness for me.

I was a child, and she was a child—
Tho' her tastes were adult Feejee—
But she loved with a love that was more than love,
My yearning Cannibalee;
With a love that could take me roast or fried
Or raw, as the case might be.

And that is the reason that long ago,
In that island near the sea,
I had to turn the tables and eat
My ardent Cannibalee—
Not really because I was fond of her,
But to check her fondness for me.

But the stars never rise but I think of the size
Of my hot-potted Cannibalee,
And the moon never stares but it brings me nightmares
Of my spare-rib Cannibalee;
And all the night-tide she is restless inside,
Is my still indigestible dinner-belle bride,
In her pallid tomb, which is Me,
In her solemn sepulcher, Me.

O. F. Lummis.

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F. P. DUNNE ("Mr. Dooley")

THE CITY AS A SUMMER RESORT

"WHERE's Dorsey, the plumber, these days?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Haven't ye heerd?" said Mr. Dooley. "Dorsey's become a counthry squire. He's landed gintry, like me folks in th' ol' dart. He lives out among th' bur-rds an' th' bugs, in a house that looks like a cuckoo clock. In an hour or two ye'll see him go by to catch the five five. He won't catch it because there ain't anny five five. Th' la-ad that makes up th' time-table found las' week that if he didn't get away arlier he cudden't take his girl f'r a buggy ride, an' he's changed th' five five to four forty-eight. Dorsey will wait f'r th' six siven an' he'll find that it don't stop at Paradise Manor, where he lives on Saturdahs an' Winsdahs except Fridahs in Lent. He'll get home at iliven o'clock, an' if his wife's f'rgot to lave th' lanthern in th' deepo he'll crawl up to th' house on his hands an' knees. I see him las' night in at th' dhrug sthore buyin' ile iv peppermint f'r his face. 'Tis a gran' life in th' counthry,' says he, 'far' he says, 'fr'm th' madding crowd,' says he. 'Ye have no idee,' he says, 'how good it makes a man

feel,' he says, 'to escape th' dust an' grime iv th' city,' he says, 'an' watch th' squrls at play,' he says. 'Whin I walk in me own garden,' he says, 'an' see th' viggytables comin' up, I hope, an' hear me own cow lowin' at th' gate iv th' fence,' he says, 'I f'rget,' he says, 'that they'se such a thing as a jint to be wiped or a sink to be repaired,' he says. He had a box iv viggytables an' a can iv condensed milk, undher his arm. 'Th' wife is goin' away nex' week,' he says, 'do ye come out an' spind a few days with me,' he says. 'Not while I have th' strength to stay here,' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'maybe,' he says, 'I 'll r-run in an' see ye," he says. 'Is there annything goin' on at th' theaytres?' he says.

"I wanst spint a night in th' counthry, Hinnissy. 'Twas whin Hogan had his villa out near th' river. 'Twas called a villa to distinguish it fr'm a house. If 'twas a little bigger 't wud be big enough f'r th' hens, an' if 'twas a little smaller 't wud be small enough f'r a dog. It looked as if 'twas made with a scroll saw, but Hogan mannyfacthered it himself out iv a design in th' pa-aper. 'How to make a counthry home on wan thousan' dollars. Puzzle: find th' money.' Hogan kidnapped me wan afthernoon an' took me out there in time to go to bed. He boosted me up a laddher into a bedroom adjinin' th' roof. 'I hope,' says I, 'I'm no discommodin' th' pigeons,' I says. 'There ain't anny pigeons here,' says

he. 'What's that?' says I. 'That's a mosquito,' says he. 'I thought ye didn't have anny here,' says I. ' 'Tis th' first wan I've seen,' says he, whackin' himsilf on th' back iv th' neck. 'I got ye that time, assassin,' he says, hurlin' th' remains to th' ground. 'They on'y come,' he says, 'afther a heavy rain or a heavy dhry spell,' he says, 'or whin they'se a little rain,' he says, 'followed be some dhryness,' he says. 'Ye mustn't mind thim,' he says 'A mosquito on'y lives f'r a day,' he says. ' 'Tis a short life an' a merry wan,' says I. 'Do they die iv indigisthion?' I says. So he fell down through th' thrap-dure an' left me alone.

"Well, I said me prayers an' got into bed an' lay there, thinkin' iv me past life an' woonherin' if th' house was on fire. 'Twas warrum, Hinnissy. I'll not deny it. Th' roof was near enough to me that I cud smell th' shingles, an' th' sun had been rollin' on it all day long, an' though it had gone away, it'd left a ray or two to keep th' place. But I'm a survivor iv th' gr-reat fire, an' I often go down to th' rollin'-mills, an' besides, mind ye, I'm iv that turn iv mind that whin 'tis hot I say 'tis hot an' lave it go at that. So I whispers to mesilf, 'I'll dhrop off,' I says, 'into a peaceful slumber,' I says, 'like th' healthy plowboy that I am,' says I. An' I counted as far as I knew how an' conducted a flock iv sheep in a steeplechase, an' I'd just begun f'r to wondher how th' las' thing I thought iv came into me head, whin a dog

started to howl in th' yard. They was a frind iv this dog in th' nex' house that answered him an' they had a long chat. Some other dogs butted in to be companionable. I heerd Hogan rollin' in bed, an' thin I heerd him goin' out to get a dhrink iv wather. He thripped over a chair befure he lighted a match to look at th' clock. It seemed like an hour before he got back to bed. Be this time th' dogs was tired an' I was thinkin' I'd take a nap, whin a bunch iv crickets undher me windows begun f'r to discoorse. I've heerd iv th' crickets on th' hearth, Hinnissy, an' I used to think they were all th' money, but anny time they get on me hearth I buy me a pound iv insect powdher. I'd rather have a pianola on th' hearth anny day, an' Gawd save me fr'm that! An' so 'twas dogs an' mosquitoes an' crickets an' mosquitoes an' a screech-owl an' mosquitoes an' a whip-poor-will an' mosquitoes an' cocks beginninn' to crow at two in th' mornin' an' mosquitoes, so that whin th' sun bounced up an' punched me in th' eye at four I knew what th' thruth is, that th' counthry is th' noisiest place in th' wurruld. Mind ye, there's a roar in th' city, but in th' counthry th' noises beats on ye'er ear like carpet tacks bein' dhriven into th' dhrum. Between th' chirp iv a cricket an' th' chirp iv th' hammer at th' mills, I'll take th' hammer. I can go to sleep in a boiler shop, but I spint th' rest iv that night at Hogan's settin' in th' bathtub.

"I saw him in th' mornin' at breakfast. We had canned peaches an' condinsed milk. 'Ye have ye'er valise,' says he. 'Aren't ye goin' to stay out?' 'I am not,' says I. 'Whin th' first rattler goes by ye'll see me on th' platform fleein' th' peace an' quiet iv th' counthry, f'r th' turmoil an' heat,' I says, 'an' food iv a gr-reat city,' I says. 'Stay on th' farm,' says I. 'Commune,' I says, 'with nature,' I says. 'Enjoy,' I says, 'th' simple rustic life iv th' merry farmer boy that goes whistlin' to his wurruk befure breakfast,' says I. 'But I must go back,' I says, 'to th' city,' I says, 'where there is nawthin' to eat but what ye want an' nawthin' to dhrink but what ye can buy,' I says. 'Where th' dust is laid be th' sprinklin' cart, where th' ice-man comes reg'lar an' th' roof garden is in bloom an' ye're waked not be th' sun but be th' milkman,' I says 'I want to be near a doctor whin I'm sick an' near eatable food whin I'm hungry, an' where I can put me hand out early in th' mornin' an' hook in a newspaper,' says I. 'Th' city,' says I, 'is th' on'y summer resort f'r a man that has iver lived in th' city,' I says. An' so I come in.

" 'Tis this way, Hinnissy, th' counthry was all right whin we was young and hearty, befure we become enfeebled with luxuries, d' ye mind. 'Twas all right whin we cud shtand it. But we're not so sthrong as we was. We're diff'rent men, Hinnissy. Ye may say, as Hogan does, that we're wadin' an artificyal life, but, be Hivins,

ye might as well tell me I ought to be paradin up an' down a hillside in a suit iv skins, shootin' th' antylope an' th' moose, be gorry, an' livin' in a cave, as to make me believe I ought to get along without sthreet-cars an' ilicthric lights an' illyvators an' sody wather an' ice. 'We ought to live where all th' good things iv life comes fr'm,' says Hogan. 'No,' says I. 'Th' place to live in is where all th' good things iv life goes to.' Ivrything that's worth havin' goes to th' city; th' counthry takes what's left. Ivrything that's worth havin' goes to th' city an' is iced. Th' cream comes in an' th' skim-milk stays; th' sunburnt viggytables is consumed by th' hearty farmer boy an' I go down to Callaghan's store an' ate th' sunny half iv a peach. Th' farmer boy sells what he has f'r money an' I get th' money back whin he comes to town in th' winter to see th' exposition. They give us th' products iv th' sile an' we give thim cottage organs an' knockout dhrops, an' they think they've broke even. Don't lave annywan con-vince ye th' counthry's th' place to live, but don't spread th' news yet f'r awhile. I'm goin' to advertise 'Dooleyville be-th'-River. Within six siconds iv sthreet-cars an' railway thrains, an' aisy reach iv th' theaytres an' ambulances. Spind th' summer far fr'm th' busy haunts iv th' fly an' th' bug be th' side iv th' purlin' ice wagon.' I'll do it, I tell ye. I'll organ-ize excursions an' I'll have th' poor iv th' counthry in here settin' on th' cool

steps an' passin' th' can fr'm hand to hand; I'll take thim to th' ball game an' th' theaytre; I'll lave thim sleep till breakfast time an' I'll sind thim back to their overcrowded homes to dhream iv th' happy life in town. I will so."

"I'm glad to hear ye say that," said Mr. Hennessy. "I wanted to go out to th' counthry, but I can't unless I sthrike."

"That's why I said it," replied Mr. Dooley.

AVARICE AND GENEROSITY

"I NEVER blame a man f'r bein' avaricyous in his ol' age. Whin a fellow gits so he has nawthin' else to injye, whin ivrybody calls him 'sir' or 'mister', an' young people dodge him an' he sleeps afther dinner, an' folks say he's an ol' fool if he wears a buttonhole bokay, an' his teeth is only tinants at will an' not permanent fixtures, 'tis no more thin nach'ral that he shud begin to look around him f'r a way iv keepin' a grip on human s'ciety. It don't take him long to see that th' on'y thing that's vin'rable in age is money, an' he proceeds to acquire anything that happens to be in sight, takin' it where he can find it, not where he wants it, which is th' way to accumylate a fortune. Money won't prolong life, but a few millyons judicyously placed in good banks an' occas'nally worn on the person will rayjooce age. Poor ol' men are always older thin poor rich men. In th' almshouse a man is decrepit an' mournful-lookin' at sixty, but a millyonaire at sixty is

jus' in th' prime iv life to a frindly eye, an' there are no others.

"It's aisier to th' ol' to grow rich thin it is to th' young. At makin' money a man iv sixty is miles ahead iv a la-ad iv twinty-five. Pollytics and bankin' is th' on'y two games where age has th' best iv it. Youth has betther things to attind to, an' more iv thim. I don't blame a man f'r bein' stingy anny more thin I blame him f'r havin' a bad leg. Ye know th' doctors say that if ye don't use wan iv ye'er limbs f'r a year or so ye can niver use it again. So it is with gin'rosity. A man starts arly in life not bein' gin'rous. He says to himsilf, 'I wurruked f'r this thing an' if I give it away I lose it.' He ties up his gin'rosity in bandages so that th' blood can't circylate in it. It gets to be a superstition with him that he'll have bad luck if he iver does annything f'r annybody. An' so he rakes in an' puts his private mark with his teeth on all th' movable money in th' wurruld. But th' day comes whin he sees people around him gettin' a good dale iv injyemint out iv gin'rosity, an' somewan says: 'Why don't ye, too, be gin-rous? Come, ol' green goods, unbelt, loosen up, be gin-rous.' 'Gin-'rous?' says he. 'What's that?' 'It's th' best spoort in th' wurruld. It's givin' things to people.' 'But I can't,' he says. 'I haven't annything to do it with,' he says. 'I don't know th' game. I haven't anny gin-rosity,' he says. 'But ye have,' says they. 'Ye have

as much gin'rosity as anny wan if ye'll only use it,' says they. 'Take it out iv th' plasther cast ye put it in an' 'twill look as good as new,' says they. An' he does it. He thries to use his gin'rosity, but all th' life is out iv it. It gives way undher him an' he falls down. He can't raise it fr'm th' groun'. It's ossyfied an' useless. I've seen manny a fellow that suffered fr'm ossyfied gin'rosity.

"Whin a man begins makin' money in his youth at annything but games iv chance he niver can become gin'rous late in life. He may make a bluff at it. Some men are gin'rous with a crutch. Some men get the use of their gin'rosity back suddenly whin they ar-re in danger. Whin Clancy the miser was caught in a fire in th' Halsted Sthreet Palace Hotel he howled fr'm a window: 'I'll give twinty dollars to anny wan that'll take me down.' Cap'n Minehan put up a laddher an' climbed to him an' carrid him to the sthreet. Half-way down th' ladder th' brave rayscooer was seen to be chokin' his helpless burdhen. We discovered aftherward that Clancy had thried to begin negotyations to rayjooce th' reward to five dollars. His gin-rosity had become suddenly par'lyzed again.

"So if ye'd stay gin'rous to th' end, niver lave ye'er gin'rosity idle too long. Don't run it ivry hour at th' top iv its speed, but fr'm day to day give it a little gintle exercise to keep it supple an' hearty an' in due time ye may injye it."

HER COURTSHIP

A MAN of modern science wooed
A maiden of accepting mood,
Who, dreading lest contagion might
Do mischief to her chosen wight,
With sol. bichloride washed her hair
And likewise all her features fair.

She rinsed her mouth with Listerine,
And held her snow-white teeth between
A pad of antiseptic gauze,
Covering her nose, as well as jaws,
Which formed a sort of respirator
Between them and her osculator.

But this reminds: I should have told
That these were things he'd taught of old
With others which I may not tell, in
Regard to spots that germs might dwell in.
She was a wise professor's daughter
And practised all which had been taught her.

So this good medicine man, with pride
Clasping his antiseptic bride,
In disinfected murmur low
Asked "Why she loved her doctor so?"
And softly nestling down, she sighed,
"You're such a dear old germicide."

ALBERT RIDDLE

A POEM OF EVERY-DAY LIFE

He tore him from the merry throng
  Within the billiard hall;
He was gotten up regardlessly
  To pay his party call.
His thoughts were dire and dark within,
  Discourteous to fate:
"Ah, me! these social debts incurred
  Are hard to liquidate."

His boots were slender, long and trim,
  His collar tall and swell,
His hats were made by Dunlap,
  And his coats were cut by Bell,
A symphony in black and white,
  "Of our set" the pride,
Yet he lingered on his way—
  He would that he had died.

His feet caressed the lonely way,
  The pave gave forth no sound;
They seemed in pitying silence clothed—
  West End-ward he was bound.
He approached the mansion stealthily,
  The step looked cold and chill;
He glanced into the vestibule,
  But all was calm and still.

A Poem of Every-day Life

He fingered nervously the bell,
  His card-case in his hand,
He saw the mirror in the hall—
  Solemn, stately, grand.
Suddenly his spirits rose,
  The drawing-room looked dim;
The menial filled his soul with joy
  With "No, there's no one in."

With fiendish glee he stole away,
  His heart was gay and light,
Happy that he went and paid
  His party call that night.
His steps turned to the billiard hall,
  Blissfully he trod;
He entered, "What, returned so soon?"—
  Replied: "She's out, thank God!"

Sixteen cues were put to rest
  Within their upright beds,
And sixteen different tiles were placed
  On sixteen level heads.
Sixteen men upon the street
  In solid phalanx all,
And sixteen men on duty bent
  To pay *their* party call.

When the fairest of her sex came home
  At early dawn, I ween—
She slowly looked the cards all out,
  They numbered seventeen.

With calm relief she raised her eyes,
Filled with grateful light,
"Oh, Merciful Fate, look down and see
What I've escaped this night!"

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WANTED—A DRINK

TIME: 2 A. M.

"MA, I want a drink!"

"Hush, darling; turn and go to sleep."

"I want a *drink!*"

"No, you are restless. Turn over, dear, and go to sleep."

(*After five minutes.*) "Ma, I *want* a drink!"

"Lie still, Ethel, and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink!"

"No, you don't want a drink; you had a drink just before you went to bed. Now be still and go right to sleep."

"I do, too, want a drink!"

"Don't let me speak to you again, child; go to sleep."

(*After five minutes.*) "Ma, won't you *please* give me a drink?"

"If you say another word I'll get up and spank you. Now go to sleep. You are a naughty girl."

(*After two minutes.*) "Ma, when you get up to spank me will you give me a drink?"

ONE WEEK

THE year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's
SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little
MON.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,
I've nothing here but ones and
TUES."

A bright thought struck him, and he said,
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will
WED."

But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said, "No,
THUR!"

"Alas!" said he, then I must die!"
His soul went where they say souls
FRI.

They found his gloves, and coat, and hat,
The Coroner upon them
SAT.

CAROLYN WELLS.

'TIS EVER THUS

Ad Astra, De Profundis,
Keats, Bacchus, Sophocles;
Ars Longa, Euthanasia,
Spring, The Eumenides.

Dead Leaves, Metempsychosis
Waiting, Theocritus;
Vanitas Vanitatum,
My Ship, De Gustibus.

Dum Vivimus Vivamus,
Sleep, Palingenesis;
Salvini, Sursum Corda,
At Mt. Desert, To Miss——

These are part of the contents
Of "Violets of Song,"
The first poetic volume
Of Susan Mary Strong.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE SEA

She was rich and of high degree;
A poor and unknown artist he.
"Paint me," she said, "a view of the sea."

So he painted the sea as it looked the day
That Aphrodite arose from its spray;
And it broke, as she gazed on its face the while
Into its countless-dimpled smile.
"What a poky, stupid picture!" said she;
"I don't believe he *can* paint the sea!"

Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,
Storming, with fierce and sudden shock,
Wild cries, and writhing tongues of foam,
A towering, mighty fastness-rock.
In its sides, above those leaping crests,
The thronging sea-birds built their nests.
"What a disagreeable daub!" said she;
"Why, it isn't anything like the sea!"

Then he painted a stretch of hot, brown sand,
With a big hotel on either hand,
And a handsome pavilion for the band—
Not a sign of the water to be seen
Except one faint little streak of green.
"What a perfectly exquisite picture!" said she;
"It's the very *image* of the sea!"

Eva L. Ogden.

—*The Century Magazine*, December, 1881.

HIS DREAM

Papa (at the breakfast table): "Willie, my boy, why are you looking so thoughtful? Are you not feeling well?"

Willie (very seriously): "Yes, papa; but I had a strange dream this morning."

Papa: "Indeed? What was it?"

Willie: "I dreamed, papa, that I died and went to heaven; and when St. Peter met me at the gate, instead of showing me the way to the golden street, as I expected, he took me out into a large field, and in the middle of the field there was a ladder reaching away up into the sky and out of sight. Then St. Peter told me that heaven was at the top, and that in order to get there I must take the big piece of chalk he gave me and slowly climb the ladder, writing on each rung some sin I had committed."

Papa (laying down his newspaper): "And did you finally reach heaven, my son?"

Willie: "No, papa, for just as I was trying to think of something to write on the second rung I looked up into the sky and saw you coming down."

Papa: "And what was I coming down for, pray?"

Willie: "That's just what I asked you, papa, and you told me you were going for more chalk."

FAIR WARNING

BACK in the North Carolina mountains the student of custom may still find material for research. The most unique are the kissing games, which cling to the soil. A lot of big-limbed, powerful young men and apple-cheeked, buxom girls gather and select one of their number as master of ceremonies. He takes his station in the centre of the room, while the rest pair off and parade around him. Suddenly one young woman will throw up her hands and say:

"I'm a-pinin'."

The master of ceremonies takes it up and the following dialogue and interlocution takes place:

"Miss Arabella Jane Apthrop says she's a-pinin'. What is Miss Arabella Jane Aphtrop a-pinin' fur?"

"I'm a-pinin' fur a sweet kiss."

"Miss Arabella Jane Apthrop says she's a-pinin' fur a sweet kiss. Who is Miss Arabella Jane Apthrop a-pinin' fur a sweet kiss from?"

"I'm a-pinin' fur a very sweet kiss from Mr. Hugh Waddle." (*Blushes, convulsive giggles and confusion on the part of Miss Arabella Jane Apthrop at this forced confession.*) Mr. Hugh Waddle walks up manfully and relieves the fair Arabella's "pinin'" by a smack which sounds like a three-year-old steer drawing his hoof out of the mud.

Then a young man will be taken with a sudden and unaccountable "pinin'," which, after the usual exchange of questions and volunteered information reveals the name of the maiden who causes the "gnawin'" and "pinin'." She coyly retreats outdoors, only to be chased, overtaken, captured and forcibly compelled to relieve her captor's distress.

At one of these entertainments there was a remarkably beautiful young woman who had been married about a month. Her husband was present—a huge, beetle-browed, black-eyed young mountaineer, with a fist like a ham. The boys fought shy of the bride for fear of incurring the anger of her hulking spouse. The game went on for some time, when symptoms of irritation developed in the giant. Striding to the middle of the room, he said:

"My wife ez pooty, 'n ez nice 'n sweet ez any gurl hyar. You uns has known her all her life. This game hez been a-goin' on half an hour an' nobody has pined fur her. Pooty soon thar will be trouble."

She was the belle of the ball after that. Everybody "pined" for her.

ANENT the prevailing discussion as to the highest speed ever attained by expert shorthand writers, there is a story going the rounds of the feat of a Georgia court stenographer which by long odds broke the world's record in that line of work.

It was when that eminent jurist, the late Judge Richard Clarke, was presiding in the Atlanta circuit of the Superior Court. One of the most remarkable murder trials was in progress. The evidence was conflicting, and the Judge was called upon to charge the jury on some decidedly new and interesting legal points. Now, the Judge was a rapid talker. In this instance it was very important that every word he spoke should be correctly recorded, and he so cautioned the stenographer.

Then Judge Clarke began. As he warmed up to his charge he was speaking at the rate of two hundred and fifty words a minute. Once he glanced toward the stenographer. That worthy official seemed to be half sleeping over his work and apparently writing very slowly.

"Mr. ———, are you getting my words down correctly?" asked the Judge.

At this the stenographer seemed to wake up. With little concern he replied: "That's all right, Judge; fire away. I am about fifteen words ahead of you now!"